

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—The country-wide interest in aviation was again brought to fever heat by the record-breaking flight of the three-engined Fokker army plane from San Francisco to the island of Oahu, in the Hawaiian Islands. This was the first flight over the Pacific Ocean from the American mainland to Hawaii. It was also the longest flight ever made over water, 2400 miles. At the same time that this news arrived, Commander Byrd, in a similar plane carrying three others, started across the Atlantic. After a passage marked by heavy fog and storms, he fell into the sea off the coast of France

The second important step taken by Governor Fuller of Massachusetts in the Sacco-Vanzetti case was to order a stay of execution for these condemned men from July 10 to August 10. The purpose of this delay was to enable the Governor and his advisory committee of three to complete their study of the evidence in this case of a murder committed in 1920. It was apparent from this that the Governor was to be guided by judicial rather than political motives in deciding his course of action.

On June 28, the President made an important state-

ment with regard to the future of the Philippine Islands. This statement came after his conference with Governor-General Wood. While the President indicated that he contemplated no immediate change in the policy of governing the Islands, he stated that a reform must come eventually and all insular possessions placed under civil government, probably in a bureau of the Department of the Interior. The President declared that the taking of our insular possessions from military and naval control was merely in the line of natural evolution of government. This statement will also have an important bearing on the status of the Virgin Islands, which are under the Navy. Dissatisfaction with it was already expressed by political leaders in the Philippines.

Austria.—The last few weeks witnessed a riot of congresses and conventions held at Vienna, including a firemen's congress, an engineers' congress, an Esperanto congress, an international journalists' congress, and a "Meeting for Traffic Celebrations." Questions of the Central European Economic Congress." But a really affecting event was the joint visit paid to the city by the men and women of Denmark who after the downfall of the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy had for a time taken charge of starving Austrian children. The group numbered about 920 persons. The Austrian children awaited their foreign friends and benefactors at the station, and embraced the visitors on their arrival. With tears in their eyes the Danish guests declared they loved the Austrian children as much as their own. The Archdiocese of Vienna, too, organized its own Catholic Meeting, which ended in a solemn demonstration. From every parish long processions of men and women marched to the city and Benediction was given by the Cardinal Archbishop in front of the old imperial castle. Another important convention was that of the ninety Austrian associations banded into the league of Catholic journeymen. Finally, there was celebrated the seventh centenary of the presence of the Dominicans in Vienna. In reality they first arrived there in the year 1226, and played an important part in the spiritual life of the city. Although now greatly reduced in numbers, they have retained their former popularity and their buildings are located in the most picturesque parts of "Old Vienna."

China.—A characteristic upset took place in Chinese affairs when Gen. Feng Yu-Siang joined forces with

Gen. Chiang Kai-Shek. Gen. Feng, as his first act, demanded the immediate elimination of Borodin, the Russian advisor of the Nationalists in the Hangkow Government. At the same time, Chang Tso-Lin's armies were being consolidated in the North, and the Southern forces were reported to have suffered a severe military check in Shantung. Reports were also rife of Japan's participation in the activities of Chang Tso-Lin, who is operating in the northern, or Japanese, sphere of influence.

Czechoslovakia.—It appears that Czechoslovakia was the only country in which the army had been permitted to participate in the general national and municipal elections.

**Army
Suffrage
Abolished**

But the experience of the past few years at last convinced the new Republic that it will be wiser to follow the example of the other European nations. Political agitation, particularly of a Communistic kind, endangered the reliability of the men and so the safety of the country. On account of the irresponsible way in which the young soldiers used their suffrage rights it was finally decided to disenfranchise the Czechoslovakian army. The new legislation has already gone into effect.

France.—By a clever ruse on the part of his Royalist followers, Léon Daudet, leader of the Royalist party, made his escape from the Santé prison, on June 25.

**Daudet's
Escape from
Jail**

His release became also the occasion for the release of M. Semard, Secretary of the French Communist party, who was confined with him in the same jail. Deputy Marcel Cachin, the Communist leader, had been sentenced on June 23 to confinement in the same prison, whence, it was commonly reported, all three were to be released by pardon on July 14. The release of Daudet and Semard with M. Delest, publisher of the *Action Française*, was obtained by the impersonation, over the telephone, of Albert Sarraut, Minister of the Interior. The impersonator, a Royalist confederate, telephoned to the Director of the prison, who, after obtaining an apparent confirmation a few minutes later, acted on the oral directions. Amusement, combined with great indignation, was expressed in the Chamber of Deputies over the proceedings, as well as in the Parisian press, and proceedings were instituted against M. Catry, the Director of the prison. At the latest reports M. Daudet was still in hiding.

Reduction of military service to one year was voted on June 28 by the Chamber of Deputies conditionally on the passage of all other terms of the bill for the reorganization of the army. This means that the reduction, as voted, will depend on the constitution of a professional force of re-enlisted men of 106,000 officers and men, which will enable the re-grouping of the army in a smaller number of regiments. At present the number of re-enlisted men is only about 75,000.

**Army Term
Reduced**

Germany.—There was a tone of pessimism in the speech of Foreign Minister Stresemann when he appeared before the Reichstag to give his account of the Geneva conference. Nothing had been done as yet to reduce the army of occupation, as had been promised when Germany signed the Locarno treaties. It was not, he said, a question of Germany's good behavior, but of the Allies fulfilling their obligations. "If these promises made by France are not kept there is danger that others will be ignored also." In the same manner he insisted that some of Germany's former opponents were equally ignoring both their moral and legal obligations in refusing to begin the disarmament to which they were pledged and which Germany had a right to demand. "If there is no change in this respect all hopes placed in the League of Nations will become vain." It was absurd, he further argued, to speak of Germany threatening French security. "There is no reasonable German who would be so criminal as to drive the Fatherland into a war with any nation, east or west. We have renounced the revenge idea, but we have to ask France whether the spirit of war is to be permanent." Other nations, too, he added, ask the same question, because they share the same responsibility.

**Stresemann's
Speech**

In spite of the foregoing censures the Foreign Minister made a plea that France and Germany come together to stabilize the peace of Europe. He further reiterated

**International
Questions**

Germany's determination to observe rigid neutrality in the Anglo-Russian conflict, while at the same time warning Moscow that Bolshevik propaganda in foreign countries must cease. Regarding Poincaré's recent speech he resented the imputation by him of a lack of sincerity on the part of Germany. "What does he really want, the Ruhr or Locarno?" Germany was eager to grasp the hand of friendship, but "not the hand of the victor reaching down to the vanquished. We ask: *Quo vadis*, France?" The Reichstag gave hearty approval to its Foreign Minister. It further showed its desire for peace by ratifying, on June 27, the German-Italian arbitration treaty which had been signed by representatives of the two Governments last December. Eagerness was also expressed that the Powers hasten their inspection of the razed eastern fortifications, that all may be fully satisfied that Germany has left nothing to be desired by them in this regard.

Ireland.—Political conditions in the Free State have not been as much changed by the General Elections and the convocation of the new Dail as had been anticipated.

**Cosgrave
Forms
Cabinet**

Since Mr. De Valera and his associated deputies refused to accept the oath, they were prevented from entering the Dail chambers and taking part in the proceedings. In their absence, as was noted last week, the pro-Treaty deputies went into session and re-elected William T. Cosgrave as President of the Executive Council. The Labor members alone were in opposition. Mr. Cosgrave announced that

the Cabinet would remain the same except for the following changes: Kevin O'Higgins to take over the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in addition to that of the Ministry of Justice which he held in the last Government; Desmond Fitzgerald, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, to succeed Peter Hughes, who was defeated in the election, as Minister for Defense; Richard Mulcahy, who had resigned as Minister for Defense after the army mutiny, to become Minister for Local Government. Two new portfolios were added to the Executive Council: that of Lands and Agriculture and that of Postmaster General to be held respectively by Patrick Hogan and Joseph J. Walsh. The press was in agreement that the Cosgrave Ministry was in a position to carry on the Government indefinitely, despite the loss of deputies. While the Farmers, Nationalists and Independents were nominally in opposition to the Ministry, they asserted that they were ready to accord support to Mr. Cosgrave in general policy. Labor, commanding twenty-two votes, formed the constitutional opposition.

Mr. De Valera has emphatically denied the rumors that he or any of the Fianna Fail representatives would accept the oath under any conditions. All of these deputies have pledged themselves to this policy. Their presence at Leinster House for the opening of the Dail was the first gesture in the new campaign for the abolition of the oath. Having been refused their seats, they declared that they would renew their campaign among the people and would demand a popular referendum on the question of the oath's removal.

While the Fianna Fail Republicans have regarded the results of the election as a splendid victory, the Government has looked upon them as a confirmation of the popular acceptance of the Treaty. The latter have pointed out that the constitutional candidates in this, the third general election since the signing of the Treaty, received about two-thirds of the votes cast. The following tabulation, as given by our Dublin correspondent, is complete, with the exception of the votes cast in four constituencies, not available at the time of writing:

	Candi- dates	Elected	Loss or Gain	Votes Cast 1923	1927
Ministerialists ..	96	47	—12	387,905	298,279
Labor	45	22	+ 7	122,376	134,670
Farmers	38	11	— 3	112,422	87,051
Nationalists	30	8	+ 6	83,969
Clan Eireann ..	8	0	— 2	5,863
Independents ...	57	14	— 1	96,854	139,278
Fianna Fail	87	44	+ 5	274,721	322,773
Sinn Fein	15	7			

According to this tabular statement, five places were lost by the constitutional parties and thirteen other places were redistributed among them. The constitutional parties, however, in the incomplete popular vote as given above, claim a majority of 426,337 over the anti-Treaty

parties. The Ministerialists lost heavily. The Republicans registered a greater increase in the total votes than did all the Free State elements.

Mexico.—The political campaign for the elections in July, 1928, began in earnest, with the nomination of Arnulfo Gomez on a non-reelectionist platform. Gen.

Political Campaign

Serrano had already been nominated by another faction of the same party. On June 24, Gen. Obregon was nominated by a convention of Agrarians. Later he accepted this nomination in a statement bristling with hostile remarks against the Catholic Church and American bankers. Obregon's platform calls for "liberty of conscience" but demands from the ministers "absolute respect for the regulations which the laws may establish." On the other hand, Gomez declared for "liberty of worship." The difference in these two platforms is that Obregon will retain the program of Calles, while Gomez approaches more nearly to the demands of Catholics. Serrano, who is very unpopular and has an unfavorable personal reputation, was considered to be the candidate of Morones and the least probably successful. All indications pointed to the elimination of Labor as a national factor in the elections, while the influence of the army grew paramount. Competent observers declared that an election campaign begun under such heated circumstances could not possibly go on for a year without bringing about in Mexico a serious armed clash. This was confirmed by Luis Cabrera, a shrewd politician, in an article in which he declared that a revolt of army chiefs was inevitable in a few months. Meanwhile, the efforts of Thomas W. Lamont to come to the rescue of the Calles Government by securing a loan of 5,000,000 pesos came to naught, and he was reported to be seeking money abroad.

In spite of the fact that the compact forces of the revolution in Jalisco and surrounding States had apparently been broken up by the 7,000 troops sent there for that purpose, nevertheless a large part of the country was continually harassed by small bands delivering continual attacks against unprotected points and small Government forces. It was reported that large quantities of arms had been sent into Sonora. Some of those implicated in this gun-running were arrested by American Government agents and indicted for conspiracy against the laws of neutrality. Ambassador Sheffield made his report to the President on July 5. A heavy campaign was being directed against him in the press and by various interested parties to have him replaced.

Rome.—In an audience granted on June 25 to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, Pope Pius XI was quoted as promising the entire support of the Church in the efforts made by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace to facilitate the conclusion of peace agreements between various countries.

Audience to President Butler

The Holy Father's words were given: "In order to reach a just and lasting peace it is necessary that the love of peace be deep-rooted in the hearts of men." The Holy Father also discussed with Dr. Butler plans for the exchange of librarians between American libraries and the Vatican library with the view of reaching a more perfect system.

Russia.—Considerable difference of opinion was expressed in the press concerning the significance of the internal strife in Communist party politics. By some the violent language exchanged between the Administration, represented by M. Stalin, and the Opposition, as represented by M. Trotsky and Zinoviev, was looked on simply as a form of controversy habitual to the Communists. The report of the Central Control Committee, recapitulating the offenses of the Opposition against party discipline, concluded with the words: "It is decided to raise the question of the expulsion of Trotsky and Zinoviev from the Central Control Committee before the joint plenary session of the Central Control Committee and the Central Committee." The report is signed by M. Orjenokidse, Chairman of the Central Control Committee, and formerly a close friend of Lenin.

Geneva.—The deadlock between the British and the American proposals in the International Naval Disarmament Conference continued. The two points on which the discussion concentrated were the British proposal of a reduction in the tonnage of capital ships, and the corresponding proposal of the establishment of two types of cruisers, all future cruisers to be limited to 7,500 tons and 6-inch guns, after deciding the number of 10,000 ton and 8-inch gun cruisers according to the 5-5-3 ratio. The American stand was firm on the necessity for the United States, owing to the long distances between our few naval bases, of maintaining the large type of cruiser, few in number as opposed to the British plan, suitable for their numerous naval bases, of a large number of cruisers of the smaller type.

With regard to the British proposal of establishing an apparent parity in capital ships by reducing their tonnage from its present status to 25,000 or 30,000, and extending their life from the present replacement term of 20 years to 26 years, the American claim was made that this would mean British superiority in the immediate future. In his statement on June 25, Mr. Gibson, the Chairman of the American delegation, remarked in this connection:

Another difficulty of discussing this subject, quite apart from the fact that it is outside what we consider the rules of the conference, is the existence of two British ships of 35,000 tons each, just completed at a moment when Britain considers that the tonnage of future ships should be reduced under 30,000.

These two ships, the Rodney and the Nelson, are regarded as the two most formidable vessels afloat. By the

extension of the replacement period to 26 years, the United States would not be in a position to construct new capital ships until 1931, the year appointed for the renewal of the Washington Conference, at which time the whole matter would be reviewed. Mr. W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, in a statement made by him on June 20, denied that Great Britain was looking for naval supremacy, and maintained that in spite of the Rodney and the Nelson naval parity could be secured between Great Britain and the United States. A similar discounting was uttered by the British Embassy in Washington in a statement on June 26. Mr. Gibson also pointed out that the American sacrifices in the way of scrapped tonnage since the Washington agreement have greatly exceeded the British, totalling \$300,000,000: 32 ships of 842,380 tons, against Britain's 22 ships of 447,750 tons and Japan's 12 ships of 301,420 tons. America's sacrifice of Guam and the Philippines as naval bases was contrasted with Britain's merchant fleet, her new dry-dock at Singapore, and her four bases near the Panama Canal.

Discussing the burning question whether the United States intends to build up in cruisers to the 5-5-3 ratio in the event of a settlement not being reached at this conference, Admiral Jones gave the following figures as to the intended American naval strength. Capital ships, 18. Modern light cruisers, 60; 30 for the present. Destroyers, 270. Destroyer leaders, 15. Modern submarines, 110 (45 new). First-line airplane carriers, 5 (2 under construction).

The attitude of Japan was difficult to ascertain, and an impression was reported that the Japanese tried to establish some sort of agreement with both of the other two contending parties. The British proposal for the reduction of capital ships seemed to be favored by the Japanese, who stated that they would not oppose the discussion of alteration in the status of capital ships after the questions regarding the auxiliary craft had been disposed of. The term "ratio" was objected to by them, as well as the 5-5-3 proportion being carried out throughout the program as now proposed.

The story of Catholic origins in America is always fascinating. Next week, John E. Kealy will present an interesting paper on "The Old Mission of Our Lady" at Augusta, Maine.

This month the Slavs celebrate the eleven-hundredth anniversary of their great apostles, SS. Cyril and Methodius. John LaFarge will recall them in a paper entitled "A New Light on the Old Church."

Other features will be "Home or Chez Nous?", by R. R. Macgregor; "The Ordinance of 1787 and Education," by Charles N. Lischka; and "Stealing Darwin's Monkey" by Edward F. Madaras.

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What Shall We Do About Mexico?

IN this issue of *AMERICA* the present series on Mexico comes to an end. Its moral by this ought to be fairly plain. The moral and legal responsibility of the American Government, and through its Government of the American people, for what goes on in that country has been established beyond the shadow of a doubt. This demonstration has received a timely confirmation by the recent article in the *Atlantic*, cited in the Postscript. Mexico's sovereignty has become a limited one, and the ultimate sovereignty rests with us. The comparison with the status of Cuba is striking. The clear truth is that we put Mexican Governments into power and when they are in power, we keep them there. We may not like this—*AMERICA* certainly does not—but it is a fact.

Now it is not in the character of Americans to think very much about theories of government, but it is impossible for any human to act without any reference to theories. The theory which has been battling for supremacy in Mexico is the so-called "liberal" one of the omnipotence of the State. Whatever disorders have occurred down there, have been the reaction of the protagonists or antagonists of this theory, according to which one was in the saddle.

The real crisis in Mexican history came when President Wilson threw all the force of his official influence on the side of the "liberals," in the deluded hope that his own political faith would be the victor there.

The natural evolution of this perverted liberalism into Bolshevism took place quickly, more quickly even than in Russia. The present crisis therefore that faces our Government, is whether it is going to follow in the footsteps of Wilson, or in the light of the disasters which necessarily followed in the wake of his intervention, and of the inevitable break-up of Central America in the same way, adopt a new policy more in accord with our own history and traditions.

The queer alliance which has taken place in this country between the pacifists, the radicals and the Protestant ministers, is working for the interests of a foreign Government engaged in a serious conflict with our own country. The Borahs, the Heflins, the Herrings, the *Nation* and *New Republic* and the *New York World's* editorial page, and all the small fry of the countless and many-named pacifist societies, have caused a crucial political situation.

It is known that letters are being received to the number of 800 daily at the State Department demanding the recall of Ambassador Sheffield. The reasons given are highly enlightening. They are to the effect that he must not remain, "because he is not in sympathy with the Mexican Government." This, of course, is in full accord with the new diplomatic theory that an ambassador must look out for the interests of the country to which he is accredited, not of that which sends him. For the Administration to heed them, is for it to suffer another defeat.

Here is the situation. Pressure is being put on the Government by many who hate the Church, or our own country, or whose motives are obscure but probably financial. They are terribly active. Are lovers of decent government as active? Why cannot *AMERICA's* readers, and the friends of those readers, make their own voice heard? If there is any practical conclusion to be drawn from all that has been said it is that we have a duty to match letter for letter, and let the President and Secretary of State learn the other side.

Shall We Shoot Arthur Garfield Hays?

SOME weeks ago, Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays, accompanied by the wife and little daughter of a man now awaiting execution in Sing Sing, went before the microphone. His purpose was to appeal for a pardon or for a new trial, and well-acquainted with the power of sentimental propaganda, Mr. Hays chose to broadcast his petition.

Our sympathy with the afflicted members of this murderer's family is mingled with our sympathy for the wife and little children of the hard-working physician whom he murdered. But neither of these sympathies is relevant. Pardon or a new trial could be granted on grounds of law, justice, or public policy, should any exist; but not for the reason that the condemned man's family will be left in a state of destitution. Differing from this philosophy, Mr. Hays staged an affair which aptly represented his position. According to the report in the *New York Herald Tribune*, "little Lena" murmured to an unseen audience "I want my daddy home," and then explained that she spoke for her mother because "I have so much to do with everything to 'tend to. I wish my daddy were home."

This is an old device, but in rising to a climax Mr. Hays presented another of striking novelty. "When Arthur Garfield Hays," reports the *Herald Tribune*, "thundered into the ether, 'a man should not be put to death because society failed to teach him the meaning of medical sci-

ence' Lena, uncomprehending said, 'Perhaps he'll bring my daddy home.'"

The poor child may be pardoned for failing to comprehend, but the key to the device employed by Mr. Hays is simple. The murdered physician, in treating the murderer's child, had used an injection. When the child died the murderer took a revolver and shot the physician. Later he alleged, or it was alleged in his name, that he thought the physician had deliberately poisoned the child. It is quite possible that when speaking Mr. Hays qualified his remarkable statement, but the newspapers did not, and it is also within the bounds of probability that Mr. Hays knew they would not. The phrase is nonsense, but quotable.

But if this logic is valid, it follows that when death is consequent upon a medical treatment which we do not understand, we may with impunity kill the physician who prescribed it. Very few of us have been taught the meaning of medical science by society. But a little logic is a dangerous thing. It puts Mr. Hays at the mercy of any client who is not pleased with the manner in which Mr. Hays has conducted his affairs. Only one condition need be verified: that society has failed to teach the disgruntled client the meaning of legal science.

Andy Gump on Censorship

IF you do not know Andy Gump you miss the best feature in modern American journalism. Andy disports himself daily in a comic strip, created by Sid Smith, and syndicated throughout the country by the *Chicago Tribune*. The uplift in American journalism would be tremendous if certain metropolitan journals were to replace the editorial page by Andy. He is sane, sensible, and wholesome, but silly enough, at times, for us to recognize him as very like ourselves.

Following a collision with a taxi-cab, Andy is now beguiling his convalescence with excursions into modern literature. He does not find this literature to his taste. "These new books are putrid," he observes. "Instead of romance you get muck. Instead of looking toward the stars for inspiration, these literary garbage-men search the gutter for ideas. You have to wear rubber gloves when you pick up a best-seller to keep your hands from getting dirty. The publishers of these up-to-date novels about flaming flappers and maudlin morons ought to give away a box of anti-bilious pills with every copy."

With these views expressed, Andy then offers a few timely remarks on censorship of the press. "They spoil three hundred pages knocking love, marriage, law and religion. Instead of books about beautiful souls they write about down-trodden heels. I believe in freedom of the press, but the people's common censorship ought to stop these pimples on the brow of literature. Reading a book by Scott or Dickens after wading through a modern novel is like strolling through a sweet old-fashioned garden after a visit to the glue-works."

Mr. Gump's opinions have already called forth letters of protest to the editor. Mr. Gump's literary canons may

be somewhat puritanic, although he would probably not object to a gutter idea unless it was treated in the gutter-snipe fashion that makes all the world a gutter. Essentially he is right. Our publishers and our budding authors will do well to heed his words. Our "common censorship" should be sufficient to confine the gutter school of literature to persons who cannot be kept from mud. But if it fails, the present reign of license is almost certain to be followed shortly by State or Federal censorship.

A movement has already begun at Washington to establish a kind of Federal censorship operating through the Department of Justice and the Post Office. If this merely means that the Government proposes to enforce the statutes now on the books, we hope the movement will succeed. But we confess to some degree of doubt; a doubt founded on the rather fanatical careers of some who now foster the movement at Washington.

In the meantime, Catholic parents should take Andy's suggestion and exercise common censorship in the home. The first step is to banish improper books and magazines. It is surprising to note how careless many parents are in this matter. But the second step is to teach their children to love good books. It is an excellent thing to belabor evil, but better to fight for what is good.

"Nerves Apparently Frayed" in Moscow

WE learn from the *Nation* that the Bolsheviki who recently stood twenty men against a wall, and without even the semblance of what civilized men call a trial, shot them to death, are guilty of nothing but "nerves apparently frayed."

Should the same crowd shoot up the office of the *Nation*, we hardly think that the editors would ring for the ambulance and a group of nerve-specialists. We are firmly convinced that they would call for the police and the wagon.

After all, criticism and comment, as understood by our leading radicals, are conditioned upon whose ox is gored. Mussolini is not the *Nation's* ox, nor is the British Empire. It is quite permissible, therefore, and indeed a solemn duty to denounce "the obscene brutalities of Mussolini's terrorism," and to refer to Sir Austen Chamberlain as the leader of "the dogs of intolerance." "The holier-than-thou men of Britain," remarks the *Nation* in its usual judicial tone, "lie and spy," and poor Sir Austen when interrogated by Commander Kenworthy, has no resource except in a "weasel answer."

But the Russians? Attacked "in Peking, London and Warsaw," relates the *Nation*, dread stole upon their gentle souls. In London, a clerk in the Arcos actually had his ears boxed by a policeman! Where would this bloody ferocity, this inhuman barbarity, end? One way to escape, and only one way, lay open. They took it. "Twenty Russians accused of various counter-revolutionary movements," chronicles the *Nation*, were executed. Whether or not they were guilty apparently does not make much difference. The point of importance is that they were accused of being guilty.

Sir Austen and Mussolini are beyond the pale of civilization. But the Russians, poor simple unsuspecting gentle souls, must now quiver under the grandmotherly finger of censure lifted by the *Nation*. Of course what they did was "bad enough," this champion of home-made and home-dyed liberalism admits. But after all, they are not highly censurable. The Bolsheviki are the best-hearted people in the world, but just at present their nerves are somewhat frayed.

In a quixotic mood the late President Wilson proposed to cure Bolshevism by shiploads of wheat. The *Nation* would vary the treatment by supplying a corps of specialists in nervous disorders. The remedy might help, but it would not be safe for these physicians to open their clinic except under heavy guard. The nerves of the patients might become frayed again.

Is This Christianity?

THE Church Congress held last month in San Francisco by members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was notable for the shocking lack of Christianity and of good manners which marked several of its sessions. Blasphemy by men who do not believe in God may be pardoned. They know not what they do. But blasphemy in His Name is intolerable.

One always looks for Dr. Guthrie of New York to play the clown, but it is somewhat surprising to note that his antics were applauded by the special correspondent of the *Living Church*. "The good men who wrote it," said Dr. Guthrie, referring to the New Testament, "were thick-skulled chumps, but chumps who had been hit on the head with an idea, a divine idea of the God-man." Applied to the penmen of God who under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit recorded the manifestation made them of Our Lord's Divinity, these words must shock any reverent mind. But—

"Dr. Guthrie, the *enfant terrible* of the Church," writes the special correspondent, "was at once humorous and profound. His Celtic nature rebels at our Anglo-Saxon lack of humor."

"I'm willing to adopt anything in Mohammedanism, Buddhism, or Laotse, or any other form of real religion," said Dr. Guthrie at another session. That is the spirit which dissolveth Christ and the Faith delivered to the Saints. "Dr. Guthrie is a man of deep spirituality," comments the special correspondent of the *Living Church*.

Dr. Guthrie is a wrecker in the realm of belief. The Rev. Henry H. Lewis assumes that function in the realm of morals. "We know perfectly well that there is no such thing as an absolute moral code. Standards are always modified and adapted to what at the moment are [sic] regarded as the object most beneficial to the individual or the social organization." Moral standards are adaptable, Mr. Lewis holds, and the Church in the past has recognized this adaptability. At the present time, then, "the Church" has no fixed standard of morals. "The duty of the Church is to weigh all in the light of the experience of the present. Perhaps it will find it ex-

pedient to use some of the standards of the past. Perhaps not."

Yet some conclusions the Church has reached in morals. For instance, "the Church should concede and urge . . . sterilization of the mentally deficient." Again, the Church should concede and urge "the intelligent use of birth-control, at least in families where the economic condition is poor."

Thus even the law which the Creator has placed in man's very nature is swept away, and in the name of morality the door is opened to the most frightful excesses, corrupting those who indulge in them, and blasting the very sources of society.

"Or, again," continues Mr. Lewis, "if to sanctify unmarried unions would do away, as some urge it would, with promiscuity and the double standard, and better protect the children of illegal marriages, then to keep on fussing with rules about divorce and the idea that all marriages are made in heaven, is utter folly."

"He is a delightful young priest," observes the *Living Church*.

Bishop Manning, as the press has noted, at once protested against this fearful attack on Christian standards of morality. Dr. Guthrie promptly told him that he might protest in his own name, if he wished, but that he exceeded when he protested in the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church. For once Dr. Guthrie was right. He may undermine the truths of dogma and Mr. Lewis may blast at the foundations of morality, and no one in the Protestant Episcopal Church may correct them with authority. This adaptability may make for comprehensiveness but it destroys Christianity.

H. G. Wells Stumbles Again

THE novelist H. G. Wells has apparently learnt nothing from the lesson read him by Hilaire Belloc in their recent exchange over the "Outline of History," the account of which is given by the latter in the July *Columbia*. The burden of Mr. Belloc's indictment, proved by a dozen instances, is that the novelist is extraordinarily negligent on the score of facts. This is a matter not to be troubled over, probably, in a novelist; but it becomes appalling when he ventures into theology and canon law, as he did recently in the *New York Times*.

Wells, speaking in his usual condescending voice, oracles the following:

People are too inclined to think that the Roman Catholic Church is opposed to any dissolution of marriage or the family, as a part of its Faith; but this is a complete mistake. The Roman Catholic Church, it is true, sets its face against divorce; but on the other hand, it will annul a marriage with great facility.

This is not even a well-bred sneer. What is more, it is a lie. Belloc's dilemma stands against him still: either he is dishonest, or he is ignorant. The Catholic Church "will annul" a marriage when it is already null, that is no marriage. As for the facility of it, let him try. Wells' complaint against the Church is not that she is lax: it is that she is too strict. He merely takes his usually crooked way to say it.

The Tragedy of Mexico

III. What of the Future?

WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

THE last act of the tragedy of Mexico has not yet been played. What it will be like, what dark colors and what barbaric anguish will be woven into it, no man may know. Just at present, it is winding itself up to one of its periodic, cruel climaxes. There is a feeling of suspense over the land. Between it and us in this country has been drawn a curtain. And behind that curtain black mysteries are transpiring, and all that the world outside knows of what they are is that from time to time cries and screams and curses, muffled carefully, come through.

If Mexico behind the veil today could be painted on some vast panoramic canvas, the artist would perhaps be praised as some new kind of futuristic pioneer, but he would hardly be believed. All the colors are drab andterne. On a throne would be the square, forbidding image of the ruler, half-Syrian, half-Mexican. Fleeing from him, cowering under the lash of his henchmen, crowds of men, women and children, stumbling, dying: some of them seized and killed, some dragged off to exile on a penal island, home of criminals and felons. In some corners, the flare of hand-grenades and machine-guns, stark war. In another corner, men in formal dress, heads together, some glancing to the throne, some leering away from it, but all plotting together. There are few signs of industry, the faces of all the evidently poor are gaunt and shrunken, and not a single brow shows a single sign of happiness, except of some of those who are dying. Let me explain the parable.

Mexico today is a land of uncomforted misery, criminal passions, unending intrigue, and all but hopeless ruin. The madman who is President seems to be animated by few but simple and very well known passions: hatred of everything American; desire to preserve his ill-gotten gains from the threatened disaster (he has become one of Mexico's wealthy men, by the simple process of despoiling the rich "for the good of the downtrodden"); obstinate revengefulness towards all who have opposed him: the Catholic leaders, the American government, some of the politicians. The alarming emigration of peons from Mexico is the best commentary on the quality of his love for the people.

The psychology of Calles does not seem to be particularly difficult. He is said to be a man of a sort of straightforward obstinacy, yet he has all the cunning of his double racial strain. He has probably not a trace of

the humanitarian prepossessions attributed to him by his (paid) admirers. He does not especially hate the Church, but he saw a good chance to cloud the issue, and he found plenty of Church-haters, most of all in organized radical labor, to carry out his plans.

In his dealings with the United States he has not been startlingly original. It is a very old Mexican game: promise, default, excuses, threats, compromise, *da capo al fin, ad lib.* And he is probably as surprised as any one that the Americans so unfailingly "fall for it." Only, he has played the game so exceedingly well that many Americans in Mexico really believe that for some reason or other he actually wishes to bring about an armed invasion.

However that may be, his friends among the Senators and ministers and radical agitators in the United States are doing more than anyone else to bring about intervention, for they are gradually creating in Calles' mind such a deep contempt for our Government, and such an exaggerated notion of how far he can go, that he may very probably some day go so far that intervention will be the only honorable course left for this country to pursue. In that case, Senator Heflin, because of his present tour of lectures-for-morons-on-Mexico — *Admission free* — will get some of the credit. Some credit will be left over for Senator Borah.

There are four other sinister figures who will still play a historic part in the tragedy: Alvaro Obregon, Arnulfo Gomez, Francisco Serrano, and Leon Morones. These men are candidates for the Presidential election in July of next year. Obregon has the army, always the biggest political asset in Mexico. But he has been president, and one of the foremost planks in his former revolutionary program was no re-election of a president. No matter; that was changed last winter, under his dictation, by an amendment to the Constitution, the sacred untouchable Constitution of 1917. He will certainly run.

Obregon is worse than Calles. He is trickier, he is if possible more unscrupulous—witness the promises he gave our Government before his recognition, which he knew at the time, as everybody else knew except apparently our State Department, that he could not possibly fulfil. But he has an uncanny knack of making Americans, even decent ones, think that he is a fine, honorable man.

Gomez and Serrano, the latter a protege of Calles and

the former with a certain following in the army, both products of the Revolution, neither of any moral standing, would like to be President. They are mere pawns in the game. José Vasconcelos, radical weathervane, is another. But a peculiarly piquant possibility is that one of these men, in order to beat Obregon, may get the support of the governing powers, Calles and Morones, and thus squeeze in. A still more piquant, and by no means improbable, one, is that he will have beforehand made a secret agreement with Obregon, and thus place this gentleman in real power after all.

So the prospect for the future is not so bright. It is made worse by the presence on the scene of Morones, Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor in the Calles cabinet. He is the leader of labor, and pal of the A. F. of L. He is probably the most sinister figure of them all. He is the economic and social radical. It is he who conceived and directed the anti-Church campaign. He hates Obregon, who despises him for the blind folly which has brought the present blight on the industrial and social life of the country. He was slated to go recently, before it was discovered that he still had the support of Calles, who if he cannot have the army, must have the labor battalions. He boasts of being the real power in the country, and the one who will dictate the election. Around him center all the probabilities of a bloodier and more disastrous revolution than Mexico has yet known.

These, then, are the men with whom the American Government will have to deal, unless something happens in the meantime, an armed upheaval from some disappointed politician or the ultimate success of the present revolution.

The remaining factors in this situation are three: the oil companies, the bankers, and the American State Department. The oil companies may be counted out; they will be fully occupied in the next few months, or maybe years, in protecting their property, and meanwhile will continue, as in the past—to export oil. The State Department is, strange as it may seem, an unknown factor. Nobody knows what it intends to do. The most probable guess is that it fears that some day, inevitably, it will have to intervene, and, it is safe to say, that is one thing it does not want to do—at least not until after March, 1929. Meanwhile, it will continue to mark time and be a helpless target for all sides. It will be afraid to publish its information on Mexico. It will press its claims in diplomatic language, which will be interpreted by the men down there as weakness, as often before. It will accept promises, and ignore their unfulfilment, as often before. But some day it will have to face the truth.

As I have said, I consider the bankers the most important factor of all. It is a truism that no Government can remain in control a month in Mexico without at least the tacit approval of our Government. It is another that our Government will accept no Government in Mexico which has not the approval of the bankers. There is no mystery about this, no accusation of wrong dealing. But the bond question, which falls under the purview of the bankers, is an international question; unlike the oil and

land questions, which are mostly domestic ones. The foreign debt is held largely abroad. Payment on the bonds since 1910 has been small. Restiveness on the part of the Governments of the foreign owners is constantly evident, and a constant menace, in view of the Monroe Doctrine. The bankers, by handling the matter, relieved our Government of a lot of worry, acquired a corresponding responsibility, and a corresponding power. Madero fell when his financial condition became impossible. So did Huerta. Calles will go in the same way, and would have sooner, if Morones had gone sooner. Some day the story of the sources of some of the money paid in interest will be told, and it will not be a pretty one. Meanwhile, the truth is, Calles will stay in power until the conscience of the bankers awakens.

There remains, as always, the Church question. How it arose was told in last week's article. How it has evolved is known to readers of the newspapers, though not quite exactly. It had, in reality, two distinct phases. The first, from July to December, 1926, was relatively quiet; illegal pressure from the Government, and legal resistance on the part of the Catholics. In December the flag of revolt was raised and from passive resistance flamed into active, armed revolt.

The newspapers have persisted in calling the rebels Catholics. So they are, but not in the sense meant. Of course, they are Catholics, most of the Mexicans are. It was the religious persecution which set the spark. Also, they are fighting for religious liberty. But they are not fighting as Catholics, that is, not as members of the Church under the banner of the Church, though their war-cry is "Long Live Christ the King!"

Let me explain this. Calles, and his friends in the United States, have made it appear that this is a Church revolution, started and guided by Churchmen. They are lying, or ignorant of the true state of affairs. As a matter of fact, the lay leaders of the Catholics in Mexico harassed the Bishops from the beginning to sanction an armed revolt. This was persistently refused, and even actively hindered by the Bishops. At last, in December, the lay leaders took things in their own hands and raised the standard, and even then the Bishops withheld their consent. In this, history but repeated itself, only in this case the suffering was so great that the reaction could not be denied, and the flames broke out in spite of all that heads that were wiser, perhaps, could do.

Will they succeed? No man can tell. All reports picture the present regime as so weak in its hold on the people that a good strong push will topple it over. The panic of the propagandists last winter is a proof of this. But those who are shedding their blood have done so in the face of tremendous odds, not least of which has been the discouraging indifference of the world to men and boys who in the twentieth century are actually fighting, among other things, for religious liberty! The cynical probability is that when the revolutionists succeed in purging their movement of the "stigma" of religion, they will have world public opinion with them.

For in truth it is not a purely, or even principally, religious movement. Religious liberty is one of the liberties they are fighting for. But their program, which has been published, is a complete list of human rights, most of which have been denied the citizens of Mexico under the Social Revolution. Even without the religious persecution, there was ample justification for them to take up arms.

The program of the "liberators" is a completely progressive and enlightened one. It does full justice to the owners of land, oil and mines; it is extremely friendly to labor; it recognizes Mexico's international financial obligations, and where it speaks of religion binds its signers to no privileged position for the Catholic Church, but a place exactly identical to that which it holds in the United States, and the same for all other churches. It is certainly true that, if a decent government like this could be set up in Mexico, all parties, including industry, commerce and finance, would be infinitely better off than at present. But this will never happen if any one of those from the lower elements of humanity which formed the revolution of Carranza, and have remained with Obregon and Calles, should be a part of it.

Will such a decent government ever be set up? An affirmative answer is entirely in the power of three sets of people together: the decent Mexicans themselves, the bankers, and the United States Government.

Postscript. Since the above was set up in type, the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly* came to hand, with an important article entitled "Our Mexican Mistake." Its author makes the extremely crucial point that our most far-reaching intervention in Mexico occurred under the present administration, in 1924, when we sold on credit to the Obregon Government a large shipment of arms designed to keep him in power against a threatening revolution. The author clearly shows how this act in its legal effects has limited Mexican sovereignty and set up a true American super-sovereignty over Mexico, similar to that which we exercise over Cuba. Nothing further was needed to establish the responsibility of our Government for all that has happened since, and is now happening, below the border.

Patricia Puts on Her Hat

GRACE H. SHERWOOD

PATRICIA was putting on her hat. Patricia is old enough to have put on a hat over every kind of a bob which has flourished during the last five years. Successively, her head has looked like a curly wig, a floor mop, a cottage roof, a boy's that needed a hair cut, a boy's that didn't—like anything you choose to compare it to. And Patricia is young enough to look well in each of the outlandish things in turn. Which is a roundabout way of saying that Patricia is not twenty-one, yet, and is not bad-looking.

Putting on her hat is a serious business with Patricia. Goodness knows, in my time and in the name of fashion I have put on hats enough and monstrous ones, at that—

hats mounted on bandeaux, hats trimmed on their nether side, hats nearly a yard across, hats cocked up, rakishly, in the back—each of which confections had to be put on with consummate care and pinned with spikes nearly a foot long to make it stay put. And yet, bandeaux, murderous pins and all, assuming my headgear was never the ceremony that Patricia makes of the thing.

It is a ritual with her, nothing less—ushered in by the switching-on of the hall lights, no matter what the time of day. No romantic dimness for Patricia when it is her hat that is in question! Next, out comes a diminutive ivory comb and plies its trade openly and unabashed. In my time girls combed their hair in the privacy of their bedrooms but, "other times, other manners."

These preliminaries over, Patricia sets to. Every little motion has a meaning and a result; from the first lift which skins the thing on from the back, as you do a lid on a can, through the various pulls and tugs that work it slowly forward into a total eclipse of Patricia's young brow, down to the seventeenth, triumphant pat that sets a final lock at *exactly* the right angle to the brim of the absurd little *cloche* Patricia calls a hat.

This particular afternoon I watched Patricia fascinated. I always watch the process fascinated and marveling. For the life of me I cannot see how she can make so many bites of one cherry! My method is to lift my *chapeau* from its hook and clap it down on my head. Parenthetically, Patricia declares that I *look* as if I had such a method. But we are discussing Patricia, not myself.

She was going off for a week-end. There was to be a dance, canoeing, swimming, tennis. Patricia was all excitement. Everything was ready for the dash out the door the moment that the hat had been finally eased into place. Her gloves and pocketbook lay on the hall table in front of her, her shiny round hat box was at her feet. Ready in my hand was her umbrella, no, *my* umbrella, which I was pressing on her because it just matched the adorable hat. Patricia looked charming, a symphony in green and white.

"Happy, Pat?" I inquired, smiling at her image in the glass.

"Absolutely!" Pat reacted, instantly. The hat-placing having been brought to a state of perfection by this time, Patricia could have started—but it seems her nose must be brought to the same high state of perfection, too. This is a rite, also, for which Patricia carries sundries in a monogrammed silver box. At times, Patricia has been known to forget her handkerchief; occasionally, she has to borrow carfare, but never, *never* does she leave the sundries behind. It would be unthinkable!

Patricia opened the box and gazed absorbedly into its silver lid. She daubed here and she dabbed there, she rubbed on and she rubbed off, her eyes glued to the mirror. It takes time to describe these motions but it takes Patricia little or no time to go through with them. She is an adept and I own her skill gets her charming results.

Satisfied, Patricia snapped the box shut, gave an en-

tirely gratuitous pat (the eighteenth) to her already superlatively perfect locks, ran a delicate fore-finger along her eyebrow and examined her nails. Inspection over, Patricia took up her pocketbook and gloves and prepared to depart. First, though, she took up her sentence again, where she had laid it down in order to powder her nose.

"Absolutely!" she repeated, and then by way of making it sure and final she underscored it with a question. "Why not? I am young!"

A dozen "Why not's" occurred to me, instantly, but I shunted them all off into silence. I have my own philosophy of life and happiness, a philosophy which would be foolishness and rightly so, to Patricia at twenty. And, almost as much as herself, I hate people who preach middle-aged philosophies of life to the young. Besides, Patricia's train left in an hour and we are three-quarters of an hour out on the trolley. So, instead of quarreling with Patricia's assumptions about youth, I kissed her good-bye. Admiring, *viva voce*, the combination that hat and umbrella made, I speeded her, nevertheless, down the porch steps and off the lawn, mindful of my Shakespeare. Her white skirt, thanks to my pointed remarks about the time, disappeared around the cedars as if it meant to catch that train!

There were a dozen delightful things for me to do with the afternoon, most of them things Patricia is too young to enjoy doing, yet. That is one count I score over Patricia. Whereas I enjoy doing most of the things she likes, *she* considers my tastes, where they differ from hers, dry. DRY is the way she spells the adjective in her own mind.

For instance, I can take off, head first, into thirty feet of water with as much vim as Patricia while she, on her part, can see nothing in my liking for history. With Patricia, the Anglo-Saxon's contribution to the past is a trifling thing compared to the Saxophone's contribution to the present! But again, Patricia is Patricia—on her way, now, to an evening with the Saxophone while I am myself, at leisure, lounging in the hammock with Venerable Bede close to hand. Each to her own taste.

I knew that Bede, the Venerable, was under the pillow of the hammock because I had stuffed him there unwillingly the day before, being obliged to repair the damage that time and toes do to socks and stockings. Now, however, Patricia off, the family darning done, the afternoon was mine. All mine! I let the porch shade down, got my pillow just comfortably right, pulled out Bede and found my place. Patricia, hat, pat and powder puff, comb, looking-glass and manipulated lock, tiptoed off into oblivion, while I lost myself in the tale of Ethelburga, bride of Edwin.

The tale will bear repeating even though we all know it. The young queen, a Christian, had come as a bride to pagan Edwin only on condition that she and all her people would be untroubled in the practices of their religion. Also that Edwin would himself look into the Christian religion and if he found it good that he, too, would accept it. To this end there came with Ethelburga from her native Kent, the holy bishop Polonius,

to attend her nuptials and to the end "that by daily exhortation and celebrating of the Heavenly Mysteries" Ethelburga's company and herself should not be corrupted by the pagan world about them. All of which sounds, almost, like the marriage laws of April, 1908, instead of a happening of the year of Our Lord, 625.

Pope Boniface wrote to Ethelburga to tell her how he longed for the conversion of her spouse, the pagan Edwin. He told her of the power of prayer, of the force of a good example, how her discourse might, if it was wise, bring her husband into the Fold of Christ, good words and true but not in much differing from what is always said to such a bride in such a case. And then, at the end, he sent what the Pope has from time immemorial sent his faithful children, the blessing of St. Peter whose successor he is.

But Pope Boniface was sending something else along with his blessing. Suddenly I sat up straight. Was I dreaming or were these the authentic words of an ancient Bishop of the universal Church? But read them for yourself. They may be more believable that way.

"We have, moreover, sent you . . . [he writes] a silver looking-glass and a gilded ivory comb which We pray Your Highness to accept with all the goodwill with which it is sent by Us."

I rubbed my eyes. Is there nothing new under the sun? Here I had been losing Patricia in the pages of the past and from the same pages steps forth Ethelburga, dead thirteen hundred years yet flashing her silver mirror and her ivory comb as delightedly as Patricia herself! Blessed, too, remember, with the blessing of St. Peter!

Never again shall I dare to despise the vanity box of the flapper. Who am I to cavil at comb and mirror when the Father of all Christendom did not disdain them for a queen's gift? Wise old Boniface who knew that beauty has its sacred uses in the mind of God! Else why did He set the wild rose beside the hot and dusty road? And begin the day of duty with the beauty of the dawn? I had my lesson.

When Patricia came back from her week-end I had on my belovedest dress to greet her in. The one with the fringe. I had done things to my hair, too, things that take time before the mirror. It had taken time, too, from the Anglo-Saxons but my hair looked—

"Darling!" Patricia exclaimed, when she saw it. "And I love you in that dress, Aunty. But how do you come to have it on, your party dress, tonight?"

"The Anglo-Saxons are responsible for it, Patricia," I told her. "I've been browsing among them since you left and I've gathered that the Church is rather keen about women being women, looking their prettiest and all that."

"What funny things you do get out of history!" Pat exclaimed, laughing. "Fancy getting an idea like that from—"

"Venerable Bede." I prompted. "I got more than an idea," I went on, "I got a hankering for a vanity box of silver, and a gilded ivory comb. They have the blessing of the Church, you know. They are quite orthodox."

Luxemburg and Its Soldiers' Peace Congress

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

THE Grand Duchy of Luxemburg is one of the smallest states in old Europe—a little country about forty miles across from north to south and thirty-five from east to west. On its good roads a tourist in an automobile could run across it, in and out, in an hour. It is the remnant of a larger territory. The neighboring province of Belgium bears the same name and was once part of the greater Luxemburg of the past. The Grand Duchy may now be described as made up only of a city and a small tract of hilly country around it.

It is one of the most thoroughly Catholic States in the world. Its population numbers just over a quarter of a million. Of these at the last census, taken five years ago, all but 2,800 Protestants and some 1,300 Jews declared themselves Catholics. Its sovereign, the Grand Duchess Charlotte, who is married to a Prince of the Bourbon line of Parma, succeeded to her sovereignty in 1919, when her elder sister and predecessor, the Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide, resigned her ducal coronet and throne to become a Carmelite nun.

It is a peaceful country, with an army of only 250 officers and men, practically a police force or gendarmerie. Wedged in between Belgium, France and Germany it owes its independence to the jealousies of its great neighbors and the treaty signed at the Conference of London in 1867, by which the European Powers agreed that it should become a neutral State, and its capital, the city of Luxemburg, should have its formidable defenses demolished and become an "open town."

For centuries it had been one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. Its very site made it a place of strength. It stands on a plateau, surrounded on all sides by deep valleys. The hill-top city was ringed round with strong fortifications, crowning the scarped declivities that dominated the surrounding country, and there were outworks on the heights beyond its encircling valleys.

The treaties of Vienna in 1815 made it a State of the old German Confederation, and for more than fifty years it was garrisoned by Prussian troops. When the victories of 1866 made Prussia dominant in the new Germany that Bismarck had built up into a powerful State, ruled from Berlin, Luxemburg, thanks to its military value, became a bone of contention between France and Germany.

Napoleon III declared that its continued possession by his powerful neighbor would make it a menace to France, "a loaded pistol pointed at Metz and Verdun." He was anxious that it should be handed over to his Empire as a "compensation" for the gains of Prussia and a safeguard for the future. There was ominous talk of a war for Luxemburg; but the London Conference of the following year solved the difficulty, by arranging that the

Prussian garrison should be withdrawn and the Grand Duchy become an independent but disarmed State. The ramparts of the city were levelled and replaced by a belt of public gardens. Luxemburg is now an "open town," with the deep valleys that were once the ditches of its fortress, spanned by fine road viaducts and three great steel railway bridges.

Then came more than forty years of peace and prosperity. The Grand Duchy is a rich country and its people make the most of its natural resources. These include the forests that cover about one fifth of its territory; the rich iron deposits of its hills; extensive quarries of excellent building stone; and a fertile soil, that gives it good arable and pasture lands and some of the most northerly vineyards of Europe. Luxemburg became an important railway center, its railroad system being largely developed with capital supplied by German investors. One of the new lines linked German Lorraine with the Belgian Ardennes system, and gave a through route from the Moselle valley to the middle Meuse—a highway into Belgium.

The Great War brought trying times to Luxemburg. One of the first military operations of the German armies on the western front was the occupation of the city and Grand Duchy, in violation of its neutrality. On Sunday morning, August 2, 1914, at the villages of Wasserbillig and Remich where the Moselle marks the eastern border of the little state, the church bells were ringing and the people were on their way to Mass, when they were surprised at seeing German horsemen riding over the river bridges with infantry columns of the Eighth Army Corps from Treves following them.

All the local gendarmerie could do was to send the news to the capital before the wires were seized by the invaders. The Grand Duchess heard, shortly before 11 a. m., that the enemy was near her city. With one of her officers she drove in a motor car to the Adolf Bridge, the eastern approach. As she reached the viaduct a column of automobiles conveying a number of staff officers and a detachment of the 27th Prussian Infantry was crossing it. She swung her car across the roadway, blocking the advance for a few minutes; called for the officer in command, and protested against the invasion, declaring that she had to submit to it because Luxemburg was an unarmed State. Then she drove back to her palace and issued orders that there should be no useless attempts at opposition to the invasion.

For some weeks after this the Headquarters of the Kaiser and the central command of the German armies were established at Luxemburg. It was a nemesis of this outrage on the peaceful neutral State that this proved to be a serious blunder in the invaders' plans. The attempt was made to direct the march into Belgium and

France by wireless from Luxemburg. The apparatus used was still in its earlier stages of development. The messages had to be coded in cipher to prevent them being read by enemy wireless operators. With slow and defective transmission of orders and information, and the time lost in coding and decoding, the system broke down. This failure was a serious factor in producing the chaotic confusion of communications that led to the defeat on the Marne, after the first German victories.

For more than four years Luxemburg had to endure the trials and exactions of a foreign occupation. At the end of November, 1918, its freedom was restored. The treaties of 1919 reasserted its independence. Since then its former prosperity has returned. And now, its capital, the center of a peaceful State, has been chosen, by a happy thought, to be the meeting place on July 9 of an international congress of men who fought in the Great War, assembled to promote the cause of peace and goodwill among the nations. It is convened by the "Interallied League of Ex-Combatants," which has its official center at Paris. Amongst those who are invited are the delegates of the American Legion, the British Legion and the various societies of veterans in the British Dominions; the French union of the wounded of the war, and the League of Ex-combatants, which together have 700,000 members; and the veteran federations of Italy, Belgium, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Poland. The list is not yet complete, and it is hoped that there will be added to it invitations to delegations of veterans from the armies that fought against the Allies, especially from Germany.

But in any case the note of the summons to the Congress is a peaceful one. Its program includes two leading topics: 1. Action by veterans of the war to promote the preservation of peace in the world, including cordial cooperation with former opponents in the Great War, the cultivation of the peace spirit, and opposition to all war propaganda; and 2. Development of the various agencies for care of those veterans who are still suffering from disablement or the results of wounds and sickness in the war years, and the provision of employment for the able bodied who are out of work.

It is of good augury that, writing in a leading French newspaper, one of the promoters of the Congress, M. Marcel Bucard, appeals to the delegates from his own country to remember the past, but this only to honor the dead, and keep in mind the brave deeds of the war years, and the patient endurance and self-sacrifice of so many in that hard time. But with all this they should "invoke a malediction on war and a blessing on peace" and in the present and future unite in sharing each other's burdens, helping each other, cultivating the union and unselfishness of the war days, working together to make the new generation realize the need of friendly cooperation and of strong and vigilant union to prevent war ever again returning.

Let us hope and pray that this will be the spirit that will animate the coming Congress of veterans of the war. If this hope is realized its meeting will be a glorious victory for the cause of peace.

On Walking in Procession

RONALD A. KNOX

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IF, what is impossible, a human being should exist who had never had any conception of what was meant by the supernatural—a Martian, if you will, deported somehow to our planet; if, what is entirely possible, he should come across the Catholic Church in her external aspects without in the least understanding what it was all about, nothing, I imagine, would intrigue him so much as the constant gesturing and posturing of Catholics when they are at worship. (I remember a Mohammedan who came to Caldey once, in the old days; and when he saw me go out every morning to a little chapel, accompanied by a lay friend, he formed the impression that I went there to *preach a sermon*.)

What a lot of mere muscular activity is spent, in the life of a moderately pious Catholic, upon kneeling, genuflecting, bowing, bobbing, making the sign of the Cross, taking holy water, and so on!

Our sermons, our singing, might be intelligible to the visitor; rhetoric and music have an influence, for better or worse, upon human character; and prayer itself he would understand dimly, for speech is the natural outlet of thought, the natural expression of a common thought. But all these gestures, so frequently and, alas, so mechanically repeated—what, he would ask, is to be made of them?

Mind you, he would be wrong. Even as a matter of common human prudence, he would be wrong. For this drill which we Catholics go through in church and at the times of prayer has, like all drill, a moral value. It stamps upon our unruly subconsciousness the reasoned conviction of our conscious mind. Military drill is intended, I suppose, to make the nerves of the body responsive to those considerations of respect for discipline which the mind already entertains. And in religion, too, the mere habituation of the muscles to a mechanical process may have a disciplinary value, may make the body itself responsive, after its fashion, to the call of the spirit.

Thus in a pious Catholic family you will see children not yet old enough to speak intelligently being taught by their mothers to sign themselves with the sign of the Cross in a rudimentary way. Thus, at the other end of the journey, you will find the bed-ridden patient, no longer capable of aught save mumbling, incoherent speech, still expressing by bodily gestures the convictions of a lifetime—some tremulous attempt to repeat the Sign at the words of Absolution, some feeble clutching at the heart over the words *Domine, non sum dignus*. When the tongue almost refuses its office, the hands still spring to attention.

But, of all our strange posturings, none would strike the visitor with more amazement, I think, than the habit of going, now and again, in procession; when Candlemas or Palm Sunday or Corpus Christi revive their annual memories.

It is natural, of course, that if a body of people is to move along a common path towards a common spot, for some necessary purpose, they should do so in some kind of order, not higgledy-piggledy. Thus, if a Bishop and his assistants meet in the sacristy to vest, and then proceed to the altar for worship, it is natural that a procession of some kind should be formed between the sacristy and the altar. Or, again, if a body is laid out, and must needs be conveyed to some distant place for burial, it is natural that the mourners and the sacred ministers should accompany it upon its last journey. These very practical adaptations of the processional instinct are actually the oldest known in the Christian Church. You have got to go somewhere, you want to go there all together, and decency forbids that you should jostle one another in the going.

But there is a difference, of theory at least, when a procession is formed merely for the sake of proceeding; when we all light our candles and march round the Church till we get back to where we were before, or when, still more elaborately, we go out of the Church door into the streets and come back to the Church door again. The going, here, has ceased to be a means to an end and has become an end in itself. Is there any use in a procession so organized? Are our prayers and praises admitted any the more readily to the Divine Audience because the accents of them are borne on the breeze? Or do we find it any easier to attend to what is said or sung, because we keep our feet moving? Or is the dignity of Catholic worship enhanced by being hawked about the streets?

Et primo videtur quod non.—There is no less virtue, I take it, in the Litany when we recite it on our knees at an Ordination than when we recite it in procession on St. Mark's Day. Nor, in my experience, does prayer come any the more readily or go up any the more fervently on such occasions. Rather, the constant irritating effort to keep pace and to pick your way, the multitudinous distractions provided by your comprocessionists and by the watching crowd, are apt to banish all concentration of the mind. And although the newspapers, with their catchword habit of thought, never fail to describe an ecclesiastical procession as "impressive," there are two aspects of the matter.

Long ago, an agnostic friend of mine whom I took to the Cowley Fathers' Church on some great feast protested to me afterwards that he liked to see vestments, incense, and all the rest of it at a distance, with an atmosphere of mystery hanging over all; it was a vulgarization of ceremonial, by his way of it, thus to bring it down across the foot-lights. And, indeed, a procession, especially in the open air, seldom fails to offend the purist by some laughable incongruity.

The tune and time of the singing are marred by awkward corners, by distance, and by the treacherous winds; candles go out, altar boys trip over one another, long waits and pauses interrupt the continuity of the ceremonies; some that walk walk too self-consciously, others all too un-self-consciously—an irreverent spectator finds a hundred opportunities for a gibe. And in my own unre-

generate days, when the High Anglican passion for this form of devotion had afflicted me with a sense of tedium, I coined a phrase about "interminable processions going nowhere and carrying nothing," which had a vogue.

Yet Holy Church, though she humors but seldom, in her official liturgy, this human fondness for walking in procession, this world-old Noah-complex of ours, does actually prescribe such observances on due occasion. There must, then, be something more behind them than a mere taste for pageantry.

It seems clear that at first the procession was penitential in its significance. The fact that the "stations" occurred in Lent, the tone of despairing appeal which prevails throughout the Litany, can have no other explanation. I confess that this seems to me the *natural* motive for going in procession—as a penitential exercise. A procession is a pilgrimage on a small scale, involving discomfort on a small scale for a large number of people. The mere fact of walking a considerable distance mortifies your natural instinct of "staying out." The slow pace, the still slower progress, enhance the irritation for those who are more actively minded. The publicity itself is a kind of humiliation; we are, so to speak, making fools of ourselves in the open. It is not hard to sympathize with the feeling which dictates these expiatory processions in time of pestilence, earthquake, or other national calamity.

But, as the Dark Ages began to flush with the first glow of the medieval sun, a fresh meaning seems to have crept into the observance. Mr. Chesterton, in his book on St. Francis, has written very nobly of the Dark Ages as the period of penance which the world had to do for the sins of paganism; with the turn of the millennium, the emphasis on expiation lessens. And then it was, in the West, at any rate, that men began to march with cries of *Hosanna* on Palm Sunday, with cries of *Adorna thalamum tuum* on the feast of Candlemas. And at last, in the thirteenth century, this old symbol of penitential discipline was turned, for one day in the year, into a Royal Progress, into the Triumph of a Conqueror.

What instinct was it that produced this change of values? Why, if it is true that the procession is intended to symbolize that pilgrimage which is our life on earth, I think the change is symptomatic of its period. For the Middle Age, whatever its discomforts and its horrors, did contrive somehow to face life in a spirit of gaiety and holiday-making which its predecessors lacked and its successors have half lost. It did perceive that life, though it may involve the ennui of a pilgrimage, has yet the exhilaration of a walking tour. If the journey must be made, no need to pull a long face over it; better step into your pack and square your shoulders. The way to Paradise should be a march, not a trudge.

So they snatched up a torch here, a banner there, and went shouting round the church, or round the parish, if the season permitted. And never more heartily than on that one day in the year when they marched, not unaccompanied—when Eternity itself was borne beneath their canopies, and the Monstrance already provided a window through which men might have a glimpse of Heaven.

Sociology**Bigger and Better Jails**

FLORA G. ORR and ELBRIDGE COLBY

JAILS are for nice people. In medieval days, the clergy were graciously permitted incarceration, and it was merely a form of banishment to prevent the spreading of heresies, and to afford periods of penance for atonement. The free-thinking heretic was simply immured in a distant monastery, as were the Italian Patarins in 1231 who abjured their erroneous ways, and "were sent to Monte Cassino and Cara to do penance." When the Cathari preached against marriage and against the touching of women and also in favor of that delectable suicide by starvation called the *erjura* they were separated from susceptible people as obdurate heretics and disturbers of the peace. Incarceration was an agreeable substitute for hanging or being burned at the stake. It was almost a clerical privilege.

But in these rude modern days the hangman's noose claims fewer victims than of yore. Rape and murder alone warrant death. Other folk go to jail, and the pity of it is that the jails are neither large enough nor good enough for the guests of the warden. Nor is the penitentiary population kept down even by the hangman for murder and rape. Take those interesting youngsters, Loeb and Leopold. Take any number of persons accused of murder who now rest behind bars instead of beneath loam and quicklime. In 1923, one person out of every thousand was in jail. Jail—sentences for murder, burglary, forgery, robbery, and rape increased in thirteen years, as the following table shows:

Crime	1910	1923
Murder	2876	3906
Burglary	8105	8754
Forgery	2063	4093
Robbery	1675	3584
Rape	1406	2149

In Pittsburgh, total arrests increased from 36,572 in 1920, to 61,473 in 1924. In Chicago, arrests for misdemeanors increased from 79,180 in 1920 to 239,829 in 1924. Other cities show similar increases. And a careful analysis shows that drunk and disorderly conduct, speed-law violations, parking-ordinance violations, and infractions of the National Prohibition Act are chiefly responsible for the extra work put onto the shoulders of the municipal police. Somebody with an eye for figures and averages recently figured out that the entire population of Washington, D. C., is arrested every seventeen years for violating the traffic law.

Federal prisons are getting terribly overcrowded—that is what worries us. We cannot reform the country if the legislators who make the laws and the parsons who preach propriety cannot make any impression, but we must frankly face this problem of taking care of our prison population now that heresy is replaced by a multitude of jail offenses. There is the Atlanta "pen" which housed 1,000

in 1913 and now houses over 3,258. Leavenworth had 1,200 persons in 1913 and has 3,294 now. McNeil's Island has come up like a Florida boom, from 300 to 618 in the same twelve years.

No wonder that some of the editors of the nation are getting worried over the situation. Listen to the words of a scribe on the *Chicago Tribune*:

Recent developments around here emphasize the need for more jails, five or six more splendid new jails at least for the Chicago district. The county is getting ready to build one on the southwest side, but that will not be enough. We think the Federal Government—which is filling up our present jail with its prisoners—ought to do its share. For every jail the county builds, the Government should build one. Let the Federal Government forget our new postoffice for the time being and concentrate on jails.

Cook County is able to house its robbers and murderers, but it is asking too much to expect us to take care of all the bootleggers and jail officials besides. We haven't the proper accommodations. When Federal guests began to visit us in such great numbers, we were confronted by an acute housing shortage. We had a few single rooms to spare, with and without bath, but we lacked an adequate number of kitchenette apartments and our guests didn't like anything less commodious. We had to put some of them in the hospital and others in the unoccupied death cell, but they weren't satisfied with what we offered them and left in a huff to find more comfortable quarters on the Lake Shore drive.

It has been suggested that we go over to Great Britain and there borrow some stone walls and iron bars, for the British seem to have plenty to spare, having closed a third of those in England and Wales since 1914. But the cousins across the water would probably object at the removal of national landmarks and works of art. And besides, those overseas jails are not comfortable enough for us cultivated and progressive Americans.

And here we arrive at the real crux of the matter. The best people are going to jail, and that is why jails should be made better as well as bigger. How can a former Governor of Indiana and a former Congressman from Kentucky comfortably spend their ten-year and two-year vacations from politics in Atlanta when even L. C. White, Superintendent of Prisons of the Department of Justice, admits that Federal prisons are "terribly overcrowded"?

Such crowded conditions as obtain nowadays might have been all right in years when confinement was administered as a punishment, but they will not do at all now when the nicest people are becoming victims to speed laws administered by inflexible judges, and to sentences for income-tax falsifications.

Social conditions behind the bars are excellent. A wealthy manufacturer of a mid-western city does some adroit figuring on his income tax return and lands for a time in Leavenworth, whence he conducts his business in weekly conferences with his executives. A girl telephones home to her mother at 3 a. m.—"Don't worry, I'm all right. I'm down at the jail." A class of co-eds at a State University frankly admit that they would rather be in jail than in an insane asylum. In California, Miss Charlotte Anita Whitney, a woman of brains and culture, is accused of violating a "criminal syndicalism" act by contributing to a political party's declaration of a prin-

ciple that "the ballot is worthless." The shadow of the jail now closes on her.

Perhaps it used to be a social error to go to jail. Maybe it was only the village idiot, the village drunkard, or the itinerant tramp and vagrant, save for an occasional murderer who went to the town lock-up. But now, it's being done. Our best people are going to jail; the flappers via the hip-flask route; the village speed-kings via the traffic court, and the big manufacturers via the income-tax return.

Once in a while you can find a jail worthy to house its elevated inmates. That of East View, Westchester County, New York, has running water in every room, and as the apartment-house advertisements say, "every room is an outside room" with good air and sunshine. All rooms are provided with a good bed and a desk—altogether an ideal place in which to live while writing *The Great American Novel*, or doing some other work you've had on your mind for years, but never could find the time to get at. The kitchen, it seems, is the finest equipped in the country, unsurpassed by any in the most expensive New York hotel.

Yet this is the exception, it appears. All jails are not so comfortable. Dr. Victor E. Levine, Professor of biological chemistry and nutrition at Creighton University, Nebraska, will testify to that, after getting himself put behind the bars to study conditions. Likewise Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck, former Congresswoman from Illinois, found shocking conditions.

The time has come for a thorough-going cleaning up in all the jails of the country. We must have bigger and better jails. Our best people cannot be expected to put up with discomfort. "Four walls do not a prison make." The man accustomed to a mahogany desk should not be expected to get along with a wooden table. The woman accustomed to upholstery cannot be content with a stool. An extended vacation from metropolitan life and its whirl should be a restful retreat.

In fact the tendency for betterment has really begun. The rich man who practised the trade of electrician while in Leavenworth for hedging on his income figures, made strenuous efforts to ease the life of his fellow prisoners. Ex-Congressman Langley edited *Good Words* in Atlanta and agitated for a more general application of the parole law. There was a time when imprisonment was for confinement's sake. Now it is even to the most strict, for social reform not for punishment. In early clerical days, the heretics were immured in distant monasteries to keep them from doing ecclesiastical harm. Then the era of brutality came in. Officials tried to be as rigorous as Hard-Boiled Smith of the A. E. F. But H. B. Smith came too late. The easy life for jail-birds, forecast by Godwin and Dickens and other reformers, had already taken the United States by storm before the World War. Even military justice came in for criticism, and the court-martial system of the Army had to be revised after the big conflict. Dean Kirchwey had long since left the Columbia Law School to make a recreational center, with

shows and sports, out of Sing Sing. So people with the new twentieth-century ideas of penology condemned Hard-Boiled Smith.

This is a matter which concerns each and everyone of us. It is hard to avoid the facts that the entrances of the automobile and of bootleg liquor into modern life have increased the proportion of nice people who vacation in jails for greater or shorter periods of time. Hard bunks and coarse food are not suitable for the folk who now may spend hours or days, or even years, behind the bars. Crowded conditions are bad enough at a big hotel, but they are insufferable in big jails. The comforts of home are not lightly to be laid aside, even though temporarily. Jails should be made bigger and they should be made better to provide adequate accommodations for the nicer and better people who are now so constantly and consistently becoming occupants of these delightful institutions. According to the new regime, imprisonment is not a punishment, or an attempt at a reform, but merely an inconvenient break in the normal routine. I can remember when the alimony club lived in far better style along Ludlow street than a mere income prevaricator can now secure in Atlanta or in Leavenworth. What is the use of being wealthy and paying several thousands a year in lost business, if one cannot have an agreeable time while on vacation under the delimitations set by Uncle Sam and his statutes?

Education

A School for the Sub-Normal Child

M. M. CRAN

THE discussion on the sub-normal child, begun by Sister M. Veronica, C. S. C., and continued by Father Blakely, S.J., Dr. Joseph Selinger, Sister Josefitia Maria, and others, should draw the attention of educators to a much-neglected field.

As one correspondent has pointed out, the difficulties in the way of providing special classes or schools are numerous. Yet what are obstacles, but trifles put in the road to try us out? If what we desire is worth while, it is our duty to remove these hindrances and work steadily toward the goal. In organizing the work with which I am connected, all the obstacles enumerated in the course of this discussion presented themselves, and we have removed them, not all at once, but one by one.

The ways and means we adopted, over a period of fourteen years, would fill a book, were I to write them down. We first used the special-class plan in one of our larger schools. But the other children began to call it the "dummy class," and the principal had a way of transferring to it any child who presented a problem, whether it was backwardness, truancy, or discipline. Later, we formed a center, using the basement of the school, and the near-by schools sent their sub-normal children to it.

At this juncture, another difficulty confronted us. While

the children would come willingly in the morning, many would forget to return for the afternoon session. Two mentally-normal truants would lead off from ten to twelve sub-normals, and thus a worse obstacle, the formation of bad habits, had to be overcome. Then the school population increased, and we were moved from the basement to the third-floor assembly-rooms, back to the basement, out into a nearby cottage, back to the basement—until it seemed as if we were shifting all the time. All this did not help the morale of the classes.

Six years ago after having experimented with special classes for eight years we decided to try special schools. We were put in a building that had seen service for sixty years. It has twelve rooms separated by means of sliding doors. Our city is three and a half miles north and south and averages a mile east and west, with water on three sides. The school is at one end of this peninsula, and the children come from the entire city.

"At once the transportation problem presents itself." One nearby city, which also uses special schools, gives its children trolley-tickets. We felt this would eliminate the younger child, so we hired one jitney, and later contracted for two. One jitney comes down the east side and one the west, to pick up the children at designated streets. No child has to walk more than three blocks. Store-keepers along the route are only too glad to allow the children to step inside and wait when the weather is inclement. A teacher is always on the jitney.

Lunch was the easiest problem solved. Our high-grade girls are taught to market, cook and serve. They cook the lunch which always consists of a hot dish, bread and butter, a sweet dish, and milk. This is served for ten cents. If a child prefers to bring his lunch, he may do so. When on our home visits we find that parents cannot provide lunch by either method, we furnish the lunch. Our kitchen is self-supporting, and we have not a single case of malnutrition among the 142 cases we enrolled this year. Many of the children drink their milk and eat a sandwich at ten o'clock, and have the regular lunch at noon.

Our high-grade boys have a chair-repairing shop; they also make brushes for the janitorial department of the city schools, and weave rugs which we sell. The shop is self-supporting, and from the profits we are able to supply food to the children who cannot bring or buy lunch.

Is our school a success? Not financially, for the profits at the end of the year have never reached three figures, but in the happiness of the children we have our reward. I have not a single teacher who would willingly go back to teach the normal child, for all love their little sub-normal children too much. Visitors will come in and ask how we can stand all day the presence of so many repulsive-looking children, and we often wonder what children they are talking about. One little fellow said when his father asked how he liked the school. "Why, Daddy, they do not have any teachers, they have a mama in the class who helps you do everything."

As to the parents and their objections, we have even

removed this "insuperable obstacle." No child is placed in the school without the written consent of the parents. Two or three times a year the parents are invited to come to school and talk over their side with us. On these occasions we have doctors, who have been doing good work with problem cases, to talk with the parents. Now we have parents coming to us, and asking not only to give their children a psychometric and physical examination, but to take them into our school.

When we had the children in special classes, we had five and six cases a month in the juvenile court. This year we had only three cases for the entire year. Take your sub-normal young enough, train him to like work, put him where he competes with his own level in mentality, and the special school instead of being a stigma is a blessing, because he does not become discouraged. Even the most brilliant will fade, wither and develop inferiority complexes, if he is continually subjected to discouragements.

We can find ways and means to care for our Catholic sub-normals. There is no obstacle that with God's help we can not overcome. But we must do our part and we must be anxious to do it.

With Scrip and Staff

BOYOLOGY, according to Father Jude, is a barbarous term. Boys and ologies do not mix. He had probably been reading the *Fortnightly Review*, where the merits of this new science have been debated of late. I agreed with him as to the name, but before I could get in a proviso he continued: "But how are you going to reach boys in the home, when they do not live in the home? And I suppose that is what boyology is for: to reach the boy off with the gang, where the home cannot touch him."

This particular point, I judge, was brought to his attention by Mr. and Mrs. Bartosh. Nicky, their pride-of-life, had served an ultimatum on the old folks, to the effect that he was done with old-world advice, and was off with the bunch. Their little home on East Garden Road is the result of industry and piety. It is a model home, but too old a model for a 1927 boy. Out of daddy's grasp means out of Father Jude's, and so out of the influence of religion and of morals, "unless," as the latter said, "Jude goes after Nicky, and the whole bunch together with him. But it will take more than Jude to catch that outfit." Such is the philosophy of boyology.

In other words, the boy worker's plan is to keep a boy's heart and soul under the influence of religion and morals through a prudent study of the influences that are apt to lure him away at the turning-point of his life. If he can be kept or made a home boy, let it by all means be done. But if the gang claim him, then Christ must claim the gang, and claim all the enthusiasm and loyalty that goes with the gang. For if religion is not to be pushed back into the sacristy, it must push out into the highways

and by-ways. It must spread its influence, if it is not to lose it.

THE truth of this view, precisely as it applies to Catholics, is clearly put by a non-Catholic, the Reverend Justin Wroe Nixon, of Rochester, New York, in an article which will be discussed in another issue. The influence of religion, spiritual sovereignty, as he terms it, is being pushed into a narrower and narrower sphere. Hence a serious issue for modern life. Dr. Nixon asks:

Has contemporary Protestantism thought through the meaning of this process of paring down the realm of spiritual sovereignty? Business, politics, and education claim emancipation from that sovereignty now. Ethics seeks autonomy. Tomorrow the mystical energies of religion will be secularized by psychiatry. In fine, over what area of human interest is religion to remain sovereign—after it has given up its claim to a vision of the whole of life, public as well as private, in a divine perspective?

Between Nicky Bartosh's gang and the "emancipated" ethics of lawless corporations and politicians, it is only a question of degree. The difference is that the fifteen-year olds have sense enough to let religion guide the "whole of their life" once they see the reason for it. But the fifty-year olds have made a foolish philosophy out of falsehood that religion's loss is their gain.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that the seventh Democratic International World Peace Congress will meet from July 20 to August 4 in Mannheim in Germany. The program is not yet fully arranged in all details, but the opening of the Congress will take place on Saturday evening, July 30. After a reunion and Church ceremonies on July 31 there will be an excursion to the beautiful surroundings in and around Mannheim, such as Heidelberg. The chief theme for discussion is the present dangers of war and the struggle for world peace. The following topics are considered: economic rivalry; political rivalry; rivalry of races; the prevention of these rivalries developing into actual conflicts.

THE Catholic Rural Life Conference sends out a cordial invitation to all, city-dwellers as well as ruralites, to attend the fifth annual convention to be held at the Hotel Olds, Lansing, Michigan, August 3 and 4. This Conference is an association of priests and laymen, organized some four years ago for the discussion of Catholic rural problems, and draws its membership from all parts of the United States. Successful Conferences have already been held in St. Louis, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Cincinnati, and present prospects seem to promise that the Lansing convention will be equally successful. The opportunity is given to participate in all the exercises of Country Life Week at the Michigan State College, East Lansing, including the annual conventions of the International Rural Life Commission and the American Country Life Association.

FATHER ALMEIDA, a Spanish Jesuit, has recently made a sensational discovery in the field of electrical engineering. His system of electrical accumulators is entirely new, and has won him distinction at various scientific congresses in Europe. In Father Almeida's accumulator the electrolith is entirely neutral, and consists of a solution of chloride of zinc and other allogeous salts. The positive electrode is of platinum and the negative is a deposit of zinc. The voltage varies from 0.94 to 2.5 volts. The capacity, with equal volume, is ten times greater and the production of energy is increased 93 per cent.

Applying the invention to automobiles, Father Almeida declares that a machine provided with his accumulator can run 500-600 miles with only one charge, at an expense of 3 or 4 tenths of a cent per kilowatt-hour. A special company has been formed in Spain for the exploitation of this invention.

LIKE all ancient inventions, ox-carts have their advantages. As one rurally-inclined lady remarked in former days to the Pilgrim: "The ole ox-kyart is the best in the end. When you gits tired of settin,' you can crawl out and walk. And when you gits tired of trampin,' you can hop in and set." However, it is a poor sort of conveyance for our Sisters, who have hard enough work as it is with every convenience that can be afforded them. Hence one cannot help feeling sympathy with the little picture given in a recent number of the *Patna Mission Letter*, the organ of the Patna, India, Mission, conducted by the American Jesuits of the Missouri Province.

Under this terrific sun Sister N. would sit for six, long seemingly endless hours, while the patient oxen plodded on at their exasperating pace the thirteen odd miles that would bring her at sunset to her mission station, Our Lady of Victory. . . . Sister knows that if she wants to get back to her sick and to her children, that she must go when she can, which in the present instance means when it pleases the *bailgariwala*.

Just what a *bailgariwala* is I do not know. I have never met one. But I am quite sure that it, or he, is only one of the many troublesome things from which a little charity can release our hard-working Sisters on the missions.

THE PILGRIM.

OLD WHITE LACE

This old white lace is soft and fair
As foam that gleams in sunlit air,
It has the white of fallen snow,
Of mayflowers that in Springtime glow.
Perhaps it decked the powdered hair
Of matrons and of maidens fair,
Who knelt in tall pews, long ago.
Or when the stars at even flare,
When shadows flood a darkened stair,
And stealthily two lovers go,
To meet where shadowed elm-trees blow,
To hide from sight their face, they wear
This old white lace.

ANTONIA Y. SCHWAB.

Literature

Petrarch's Vacluse

BROTHER LEO

GRIM days must come, even in this genial south of France; and there is a cold wind blowing and a tang in the air as we set forth from Avignon and the fortress-like Palace of the Popes and proceed by train to L'Isle sur Sorgues and then by motor bus to Vacluse. The journey sounds longer than it really is. Petrarch's retreat is less than twenty miles from Avignon, and plutocrats who travel in cars have been known to make the round trip between tea and dinner. But they are not truly wise. So hasty an excursion hardly gives them time to recall what they may chance to know of one of the most winning personalities in all literature, of the first and the most truly human of all the Humanists, of the singer of love and wordly triumph who daily recited the Divine Office, of the favorite of monarchs and the confidant of Popes who ever cherished solitude and in the isolation of Vacluse spent more than fifteen years of an active and studious life.

The village of Vacluse is a fairly busy little place today, and has about it an air ingenuous and cheerful. The dog that gives us friendly greeting on the little bridge may be, for all we know, a lineal descendant of that Patou, which was a gift from Cardinal Colonna, and whose scurrying after rabbits on the adjacent hillsides served to recreate the poet. There is a Grand Hotel de Petrarque et Laura, and a humble shop or two under the same dual invocation, at sight of which one is tempted to parody a famous query of Whistler's and ask, "Why drag in Laura?" For Laura, the staid young matron of Avignon, probably never so much as saw Vacluse, and her character and her history alike resent the implication that she and Petrarch in this place stood hand in hand. Here as elsewhere it is needful to distinguish between truth and fact; and it is truth, though not fact, that inspired the artist, so freely reproduced on local postcards, who represented Petrarch in the valley of the Sorgues communing with the spirit of his lady. We have the immortal sonnets in proof of that, the sonnets wherein Laura waxes ever more and more a spirit of inspiration.

The village has changed considerably since the days when the scholar came out hither for solitude and meditation. He little dreamed, great dreamer though he was, that Vacluse should now possess one of the largest paper mills in France and that practically anybody intent on manufacturing something should invade his beloved retreat. For the Sorgues at this spot is a valued source of water power. As John Addington Symonds wrote: "Those who expect Petrarca's Sorgues to be some trickling poet's rill emerging from a damp grotto may well be astonished at the rush and roar of this azure river so close upon its fountain-head." Yet Vacluse is conservative, for hard by the bridge women still wash their linen in the primitive way, beating and kneading the garments

upon the smooth stones. We might well wish that some laundress would learn a lesson from the mills and factories, drop one more wheel into the stream and let the obliging water do the work.

Up the road past the paper mill we go along the bank of the swift-flowing Sorgues. All the time there is a roaring in our ears—no gentle, modulated sound, but a potent and almost menacing suggestion that we are drawing near to a mighty torrent; and soon we come to the churning rapids made by the river as it pours foaming down the rocky slope. It is a miniature Niagara without the falls, and a veil of mist hangs over the stream; at first the head goes dizzy watching the seething waters tearing angrily on among the stubborn boulders. And then we come to the little lake, subterraneously fed, which is the source of the Sorgues, a source which reminds us that, whatever logicians and such like arid gentlemen may say, a cause is often not nearly so great as its effect. One would think that the blustering river would drink up the lake in a minute, but the lake—and there be wisdom here for lovers of wisdom—though it makes no noise and on its smooth surface flaunts scarce a ruffle, preserves its seemingly level and all the year round feeds that insatiable stream.

When Petrarch selected Vacluse for his hermitage he chose nature in an eminently masculine mood. This closed valley, for it lives up to its name, is wondrously beautiful, but in no soft seductive fashion. In harmony with the raucous-voiced waters, for all the world like some hoarse, recriminating giant, the sheer cliff behind the little lake looms a portentous mass of rugged limestone, scarred like a Heidelberg student with the trophies of countless duels and scorning to display so much as a green twig or a flourish of verdure. Along the banks of the stream there is vegetation, but there are bald places too; and the limestone, gaunt and furrowed, stands out in brown and yellow patches, relieved even in December by a flash here and there of evergreen and an occasional cluster of red leaves and golden, autumn's lingering caress.

Austere though not unfriendly is the landscape of this valley of the Sorgues. On either hand the ground rises rapidly into tall bare hills resembling in their ascetic beauty bits of country to be seen in Arizona and Colorado; you could readily believe that a painted desert lies just beyond either crest. For the summits of those hills are cut by wind and rain into quaint, fantastic shapes, as grotesque as any cathedral gargoyle in Europe. They inevitably recall the Grand Canyon and the Garden of the Gods.

The poet, contrary to popular belief, did not dwell close to the grotto or beside the storming rapids, for no man could live and think and say his prayers in the midst of that turmoil, and no man, unless he were an amphibian, could habitually breathe that moist air and live, even without thoughts and prayers. Now Petrarch was no amphibian. The sea terrified him and made him ill, as we learn from some exceptionally graphic passages in his cor-

respondence, and the daily sight of the swirling river close to the grotto would have reminded him too realistically of that fearful storm in the Bay of Naples which made him resolve never again to trust himself to the sea.

Perched on the summit of the hill on the left bank of the Sorgues is a ruined chateau; and on the slope below it, where the noise of the waters falls subdued and the air is fragrant with box and ilex, Petrarch had his hut and cultivated his little garden. In course of years the hut grew into a more commodious abode, for it contained many of the scholar's books. He points out the advantages of such a place for the mortification of the senses, especially of the eyes which erst had led him astray. Here, he wrote to a friend, he could behold naught but the sky, the mountains and the river. Upon the face of no woman might he look save that of the wife of his steward, Raimond Monet; excellent and virtuous woman, her countenance, as the poet declares, was like an Ethiopian desert, arid, withered, sun-scorched. "I could spend all my life here, were Italy not so far away or Avignon so near." Though often enough a city dweller, Petrarch dreaded and detested urban life; and Avignon was to him "a sink of crime and iniquity," "the Babylon of the West."

One of the most captivating letter writers of his own and of all times, Petrarch never wearied of expatiating on the delights of his solitude. "Here the air is mild, the winds gentle, the fields smiling, the springs clear, the streams full of fish, the woods generous of shade. . . . Here flower-spread meadows stretch before our eyes, while nothing but the lowing of cattle, the songs of birds and the murmuring of the waters break the silence. . . . I truly believe this to be the place of peace and the house of leisure. . . . There is no place on earth more fitted to inspire noble and lofty ideas. . . . Here the wearied mind finds grateful relaxation and pleasant diversion from cares; here are silence and liberty, secure joy and joyful security"—that last an echo of St. Augustine whose writings he so assiduously read.

He looked his last upon Vaucluse in 1353, but from the court of the Visconti in Milan and from his comfortable residence in Venice he continued to sigh after the valley of the Sorgues with its lulling solitude and friendly silence. He wonders how his garden, which he calls his daughter, fares in his absence, that garden which, he proudly insists, is the finest in all the world. He had reason for apprehension. The garden was soon overrun with vandal weeds and unromantic cattle; and one Christmas Day some low rascals from Avignon broke into his Vaucluse house, ransacked it thoroughly and then set it afire. Most of his books were miraculously spared and, though damaged, eventually formed part of his famous Venetian library.

From the site of Petrarch's cottage we climb up to the ruined chateau. Our path follows some rude stone steps and we pass in almost indecent proximity to bedrooms and kitchens, momentarily disturbing a few sleepy cats and enlisting the courteous if fleeting interest of sundry

old men and babies and mild-mannered dogs. We round narrow ledges and mount through a stony hillside orchard where a woman with a blue kerchief about her brows garners the late crop from her doubtful perch on the most skeptical ladder to be seen on two continents. We reach the chateau just at sunset, and seated in the ruined gateway we watch the great red ball sink beyond the plains. And we like to think that from this very spot the poet, five hundred years ago, watched the sunset, too!

REVIEWS

Life and Teaching of St. Bernard. By AILBE J. LUDDY, O. Cist. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. 21s.

Until now Vacandard's "Vie de Saint Bernard" has been the most scientific study of the great Abbot of Clairvaux. It is not unlikely, however, that the present volume will supplant it in popularity. It is splendidly written, and well arranged. There is evidence of thorough and extensive research and apart from taking advantage of the Abbe Vacandard's scholarly criticism, its author makes some original contributions of merit to disputed points in the Saint's career. In an age of great men Bernard towered above them all. He was the last of the Fathers and among the earliest of the Scholastics. Across his path princes and prelates, peasants and monks came and went and he was in turn their reprover, their encourager and reformer. He advised pontiffs, withstood emperors, exhorted monks and comforted his friends. He opposed, in defense of the faith, Arnold of Brescia and Peter Abelard. He was the outstanding figure in contemporary Church Councils, and the preacher of Crusades. For the historiographer his colorful career affords a bewildering abundance of interesting material and all this Father Luddy presents to advantage. He is heartily in sympathy with his subject and an ardent apologete for his holy Founder, yet there is no apparent bias in what he chronicles. He has departed from other sketches of the Saint with which we are familiar chiefly in the greater prominence he gives to Bernard's teaching and the more copious use he makes of his writings, especially his letters. Very many of these are extant and their thoroughly human and personal touches reveal the Saint's character better perhaps than anything else could. They relate to almost every event in his crowded career and bring into clear relief his many-sided character. His spiritual treatises are also here analyzed and his philosophical and theological doctrines discussed. The volume, informative and stimulating, is a splendid contribution to current hagiography, the sketch of a great man and a very human, a very fascinating, a very scholarly, a very public-spirited Saint, who, hating sin, loved the sinner and, though by nature strongly affectionate, knew, when God's cause or the welfare of the Church was at stake to "be angry and sin not."

W. I. L.

The Bridge to France. By EDWARD N. HURLEY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$5.00.

How thoroughly unprepared the United States was when it entered the Great War is not a new nor an original story. Neither is it any longer a revelation to learn how tremendous were the forces gathered together for our successful prosecution of the war. Despite the fact that we have heard so much about these two phases of our military excursion into Europe, Mr. Hurley has written a book that commands attention and creates astonishment. The Great War was not waged exclusively on the battlefield or by the army and navy. One of the greatest factors for ultimate success was that of transportation across the ocean. The then President Wilson committed the task to Mr. Hurley, who, by his own proof, was instrumental in directing Mr.

Wilson to the White House. Mr. Hurley accepted the post of Chairman of the United States Shipping Board and that of President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. From nothing but a name, he proceeded to build up the largest single military and national business-organization that the world has ever seen. The status of this organization was unusual in that it combined the advantages of a federal department and a private concern. Its accomplishments likewise, were both unusual and astounding. It commandeered ships, both foreign and domestic, it seized interned enemy craft, it built ships of all type and sizes, it created shipyards, such as that of Hog Island with fifty ways, it employed an army of workers and practically controlled such large industries as that of steel, it supplied the means of carrying soldiers across the sea at the rate of 250,000 a month and of transporting their food, equipment, arms, etc. Several subsidiary departments were created to achieve the staggering results recorded in these pages, but the directing force in them all was Mr. Hurley, who now writes the authentic and intimate history of the undertaking. He does it simply and efficiently, with an attractive naïvete. In the prosecution of his task, he was intimately associated with President Wilson, whom he held in high esteem, and with the American and European personages of war fame. His pen pictures of these are notable. This chapter of American participation in the World War needed to be told, and Mr. Hurley has expounded it competently.

F. X. T.

Modern English Playwrights. By JOHN W. CUNLIFFE. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.00.

Professor Cunliffe has written an excellent exposition of the state of the drama from the year 1860 until the present time. He shows the low estate of the drama in the mid-Victorian years and the causes: the restrictions of the law, the bad name of the stage handed down from the last century, the lack of interest on the part of the theater-goer, the refusal on the part of the dramatist to look for new themes, and the total absence on the part of the critic to tell the truth. The rise of the drama, under the masterly hands of Shaw, Galsworthy and Barrie is excellently well done. But the best chapters of the books are those in which the author treats of the experiment of the Manchester School, sponsored by Miss A. E. F. Horniman. Professor Cunliffe, giving due credit to John Drinkwater, does not believe that the drama will ever return to the poetic form. Though he cites the failure of John Masefield and the dubious success of James Flecker as his proofs, he gives scant reason for the drama's absolute desertion of the poetic form. In treating J. M. Synge and Sean O'Casey, he firmly believes that these two men are representative Irish playwrights. The lack of interest in and sometimes the open hostility to both these men by the Irish theater-goer cause him great surprise and sorrow. Perhaps it would be enlightening to the author to know that both these dramatists insult the Irish nation and nature. J. M. Synge and Sean O'Casey make their characters speak like Irishmen, but make them think and act in the way the English think the normal Irishman acts and thinks.

R. A. P.

Whither Democracy? By N. J. LENNES. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.00.

Democracy in the present case does not denote a form of popular government nor one of our great political parties. It means, rather, "that condition of society in which the chief aim is to give all individuals the same opportunity to develop and use their inborn talents," the chief means being universal and cheap education and the absence of all artificial restrictions in the choice of occupation. The thesis of the book, carefully developed and abundantly proved, is that the net final result of this kind of democracy will be the formation of hereditary occupational castes, transition from which to a higher or lower grade will be the exception rather

than the rule. The calm, painstaking demonstration of Mr. Lennes is a rude shock to the evolutionary optimist and the parlor socialist prating of human equality; but it merely proves scientifically what the common-sense observer of history and human nature in the concrete has long recognized. Incidentally it shows that the social structure of the Middle Ages, with its guild system and occupational castes, was by far more in accordance with human nature than the liberalism inaugurated by Adam Smith. The author's treatment is notable for clarity of exposition, simplicity of language eschewing professional jargon, for careful and close reasoning and moderation in his conclusions. The weakest link in the chain of argumentation is the question of inheriting mental and moral powers and dispositions. We believe that here the author's psychology is at fault in making him insist that inheritance of this kind must be the case, though the factual proof is not conclusive. Thus we think that the stratifying tendency of democracy will not be quite as effective as the book supposes. The references to authorities by numbers only is to be commended as disencumbering the page, but it would seem desirable for every quotation at least to name the authority. Mr. Lennes persists in adding a final "e" to the name of the famous astronomer Leverrier.

V. F. G.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Notables of the Past Generation.—It is very difficult for the present generation to understand the extraordinary social, economic and political conditions of the half century preceding the Civil War and of the period immediately following it. In "Trumpets of Jubilee" (Harcourt, Brace. \$5.00), Constance Mayfield Rourke gives a composite picture of the many-sided details of the careers of Lyman Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, and P. T. Barnum. The portraits are, for the greater part, satisfying. In the limning of Lyman Beecher, however, the author gives no hint of the rabid anti-Catholic fanaticism of his Boston pastorate nor of the utterances that instigated the mob to burn the Charlestown convent and to maltreat its Ursuline Community. His language of blind hate, lacking any alliance with reason and truth, is being echoed today.

From various editions of the autobiography of America's great circus man, P. T. Barnum, which were published during his life time, Waldo R. Browne has compiled "Barnum's Own Story" (The Viking Press. \$3.00). The volume covers the salient facts in the career of the great caterer for public amusement and recalls all his curios and attractions from his initial exhibition of the famous old negress, Joice Heth, to the menageries and shows he so successfully conducted up to within three years of his death. His experiences both in this country and abroad are amusing and they get color from such characters as Tom Thumb and Jenny Lind, who are part of the great American circus tradition.

Heed the Humorists.—It seems to be the failing of Robert Benchley to see the funny side of every topic that swims into his consciousness. Most of us would be gravely upset if an avalanche of bricks were poured on us from the top of a sky-scraper, and not many could laugh at an empty wallet on emerging from a supper-club. In "The Early Worm" (Holt. \$2.00), Mr. Benchley indulges his failing riotously. He ridicules and jeers, he satirizes and parodies, he gambols about vigorously among the fads and foibles of our civilized sophistication. Fascinating crimes and college education, ghost stories and politics, old-fashioned homes and the newest plays, polar expeditions and numberless other important subjects are all discussed with due exaggeration. In passing, he makes some sensible comment on the sex-madness of literature. There is wisdom in these short essays, and, of course, good manners and inoffensiveness. An additional feature of the

volume is that Gluyas Williams has illustrated it with line-drawings.

There is very little relation between Will Rogers' latest book and its title, "There's Not a Bathing Suit in Russia" (A. and C. Boni, \$1.75). Only one paragraph deals with the lack of bathing suits; the rest of the pages are more or less about his experiences in France and Russia. These form the basis of comparisons of the latter country with what he knows of the United States. As we have remarked once before, Will Rogers has the talent of a statesman. He thinks clearly and for the most part sensibly, he has the gift of discovering the obvious, and he appreciates how foolish the human race can be. It would be a mistake to look on this volume as merely humor. It is ridiculously funny in parts and it is thoroughly serious even in its fun. One of the features of Will Rogers' philosophy is its avoidance of bitterness. He wishes to speak kindly of all men, even though he jokes about them; he has even tried to be sympathetic to the Bolshevik regime though he cannot make it agree with his own home-spun ideas of how a government should act or a people be happy.

When nonsense hides beneath its quip a deal of life's philosophy, its value rises in direct proportion. For that reason "Old Bill" is welcomed in the new volume, "Carry on Sergeant!" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50). If it be true that there are many wits but few humorists certainly amongst the latter is found Bruce Bairnsfather. "Old Bill rarely laughs; he is always laughed at. He is invariably surrounded by the troubles of the world, and in his dim, dull, honest way tries to combat them." Many a man will be the better for reading "Carry on Sergeant." Half the pleasure of the book is in the illustrations. There is something so ridiculous, and yet so pointed in each rough picture that only a genius could have thought them out. Take for instance Old Bill and Jim up to their necks in water in an old shell hole. Wildly the shells shriek overhead. The caption finishes the picture with, "Gentlemen prefer ponds." To those who have gone through it all, Old Bill is a reality, and the reading of "Carry on Sergeant" will bring back again those days which were not all rain and mud, but which allowed much of the sunshine of life to break through the grim clouds of war.

Sociological Tracts.—Ed Sweeney, the author of "Poorhouse Sweeney" (Boni and Liveright, \$2.50), has been an inmate of the county poorhouse for many years. He offers a record of his observations and reflections concerning this institution. He tells nothing that others have not told more effectively about similar places, especially when they are managed by small communities. Graft, incompetence, lack of sympathy have, in the past, been frequent in these institutions, and revelations are not new. Sweeney lays down his conclusions and his complaints with the air of an oracle. The style of composition is crude, the spelling that of the least educated inmate of the home. Nevertheless, the volume is something of a human document, and in that alone is it worth consideration. The illustrations by the author are of the same quality as the text. Theodore Dreiser furnishes an introduction.

The story of Reconstruction is gradually being rewritten in a way that is clearing up some of the clouds of utter reprobation that have rested on that unfortunate period of our history. A rather different view of the part played in the upheaval by the Negro is given in A. A. Taylor's "The Negro in the Reconstruction of Virginia" (Washington, D. C. Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, \$2.15). The migration to the North of Negroes from the Civil War till its summit in 1870 presents many parallels to the similar migrations in our own time. The efforts and failures of the Virginia Negroes to adjust themselves to their new opportunities both economic and educational give considerable insight into their character and their conditions. Some of the data rendered in this book can be of use in solving present-day problems.

Marching On. Overtaken. Shule Agra. Mary Was Love. Harangue.

When "Drums" appeared, James Boyd stepped to the front rank of the younger American novelists. Its successor, "Marching On" (Scribner, \$2.50), adds to his early reputation. While the first volume treated of John Fraser's part in the Revolutionary conflict, "Marching On" follows the way of his grandson, James, through the Civil War. Much is learned of the early South, and from the mouths of most delightfully living characters: Fraser's mother and father, struggling farm folk, Tom MacGruder, Bill the brakeman, the school teacher, the slaves, the villagers, the planter, Colonel Prevost, and his daughter Stewart. Just as powerfully as he draws a face, does he paint a scene: images of the Cape Fear plantations, the fiddling tourney, the Wilmington railroad shops, the mobilization under the Stars and Bars, the army on the march, the thoughts, silent and expressed, of the trudging fighters, the horrors of the prison camp, all are vivid. Love is introduced with understanding deftness, with the same meager touch that marks all of Boyd's work. The author seems to choose all his crayons with the intense care, and to apply them with the knowing touch of a master craftsman. As a result he has done a magnificent canvas.

Vilma Steinmetz, self-willed, self-indulgent, lacking a faith in and proper perspective of life because it was forced, through her own egoism, to touch her, finds in "Overtaken" (Cosmopolitan, \$2.00), by Lawrence Rising, that, when man traffics with hearts and souls, the penalty is great. Mr. Rising has written a strong story, but its strength lies in the statement of his thesis rather than in the method by which he endeavors to prove it. With Morocco as his setting and Eastern philosophy as his keystone, through 350 some odd pages dripping with a vulgar elaborateness of exotic scene painting, he draws his argument with the very fatalistic tools of that Buddhism with which Hassan, his Moroccan Shereef, moulds his own life. It is patent, however, as it must be, that his protagonist's Nemesis is born of Vilma's own voluntary acts of self-idolatry and materialism.

The younger generation of liveries and of writers has spread its influence even in Ireland. Kathleen Coyle is an exponent of the advanced, though not superior, style of thinking and of acting. "Shule Agra" (Dutton, \$2.00), her latest novel, makes desperate and most obvious efforts to be subtle and clever, to be modern in idiom and content. Shule, meaning Julia, is mentally and emotionally at odds with her environment in Northern Ireland; she seeks a wider liberty in Dublin and there, despite family and moral objections, she takes up residence with a spasmodic sort of a cave-man. The temper of the story is neurotic. The relations of her brother to the Republican movement and his violent death are in the shadows of the action. Miss Coyle has the gift of romantic and poetic description, but she has overreached herself in striving for the cleverness of the advanced psychological method.

After Mary had died, David received the inheritance that would have made their marriage possible. The memory of her modified his life to such an extent that no other could interest him even mildly. Thus, in loneliness and apathy he mooned away his life until Anne became a reality to him and, at the very end, opened his eyes to the fact underlying the title of Guy Fletcher's romance, "Mary Was Love" (Doran, \$2.00). Despite some sentimentality and an occasional frankness, the theme is developed with ability. Due to David's boarding-house friendship with "Babe" and consequent on her death, the Catholic element is introduced and handled intelligently.

That abuses exist in the present social order, none dare gainsay. Nevertheless, evils are not eradicated by indefinite multiplication. Communism by nature leads to oligarchy and unbridled political corruption. This is the moral which Gareth Garrett stresses in "Harangue" (Dutton, \$2.50), a novel which portrays the rise and fall of a Communistic Commonwealth. Agitators capture an agricultural community and rule it communistically. The result is disaster.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed five hundred words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department.

A Priest After God's Heart

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On Wednesday, June 22, 1927, the obsequies for the Rev. Benedict Guldner, S.J., took place in the Gesu Church, Philadelphia. As the simple black casket was carried out of the church, many eyes were dimmed with tears and hearts welled up at the thought of never again seeing in this world a priest they loved so well.

His sterling qualities of mind and character were always hidden beneath a mantle of gentleness and humility. He was beloved of all who knew him or came in contact with him, from the oldest gray-haired parishioner to the youngest child in the parish school. To see him going about the works of his Master, was to be reminded of the blessed man of Assisi. He would sit for hours in the confessional; when it seemed beyond all human endurance for a man of his years, bringing consolation and advice to souls in need of them.

May he now be lifted up to intercede for us before the Throne of our Heavenly Father.

Philadelphia.

NORBERT A. MINNICK.

An Ace of Sanctity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Recently a Columbus of the sky dashed across the wild Atlantic without tasting of its spray, and found the wondering world waiting at his feet. Urged by his example, a pair of others soon followed, and made their name a news leader for several days.

Last month, however, we commemorate in St. Aloysius another captain, an Ace of Sanctity and a Leader of Youth, who flew from this earth to the heavenly Jerusalem, nor once dipped into the Dead Sea's brine. He, too, drew others after him, and today, even after centuries, he numbers his followers by the thousands.

True, those who dare essay his flight do not find their names in the daily press, but many of those names were signed last year to the Aloysian pledge, and laid in sacred plight upon their Leader's tomb. We trust to see them indelibly inscribed in the Sacred Heart.

Weston, Mass.

J. R.

Catholic Historical Work

To the Editor of AMERICA:

An editorial in your number of June 11, page 199, treated very ably of the need of Catholic historians. It pointed out the difficulties that beset the path of the true historian. The fate of the patriarch of American Church history, John Gilmary Shea, is not encouraging indeed. Poets they say are born, not made. Historians can be made, provided they are willing to go through the process of making themselves under the guidance of some master. But historians have another thing in common with the poets: they are not paid.

I wish to relieve the sad picture painted in your editorial by inserting some cheery lines. Though we possess nothing like a Catholic Historical Institute, we are not quite so poor as your article made us out to be. We have at least the American Catholic Historical Association, whose seventh annual convention was held last Christmas. It convenes usually in common with the American Historical Association, which you mentioned so honorably. The *Catholic Historical Review*, published at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., is its organ. The many excellent articles contained in this *Review* bear witness to the activity of the A.C.H.A. Most of these contributions represent the results of original research. The authors have gone to the trouble

you allude to in your editorial of delving into the depths of the sources, in order to bring forth the true gold of truth. Their message is new, expressing facts perhaps never stated before, or at least never represented in this light. The *Catholic Historical Review* is a recognized force in the historical world, a fact borne out by the increasing demand for the back numbers.

Though all this is no substitute for the Catholic Historical Institute which you are advocating, both the American Catholic Historical Association, and the *Catholic Historical Review* have striven successfully to diminish the meagerness of Catholic historiography. They have even called into being several minor but active historical organizations. When there is talk of Catholic historical endeavors the A.C.H.A. and the C.H.R. should not be omitted.

Cleveland.

FRANCIS S. BETTEN, S.J.

Are Parents Not to Blame?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

An article "In Defense of Parents," signed by Edward F. Madaras, S.J. in AMERICA for May 28, 1927, attracted my attention and has prompted the following lines.

In one of its leading paragraphs the article in question contains this sentence: "I must confess that I have little sympathy with those who would lay the blame for the whole situation on the parents, and say that if parents were attending to their duty as they should, we should not now be confronted by such a state of affairs." Towards the end of the article I find this further statement: "Had the parents and children of a past generation found themselves in the same environment and with the same problems and temptations as those of the present, I daresay the result would have been the same." The writer, in concluding his article, offers remedies for the existing state of affairs in the remedies of our Holy Mother Church.

If the parents are not to blame, then who is to blame? The Catholic Church teaches that the father and mother are responsible to God for their children. If the father and mother did their duty in the sight of God, I feel convinced that the present state of affairs would not be. So why not emphasize the teachings of the Catholic Church, especially as regards the Fourth Commandment, and for the benefit of all concerned?

Whatever we may say for the parents, we cannot relieve them of their responsibility to their God. The parents have a sacred and an inalienable right to know what their children are doing, whether they are serving God or not. The parents must see to it that their children keep the law of God, that they are properly educated so that they can live good, upright, Christian lives. The parents must see to it that their children use the means of grace which God has given them; otherwise they do not deserve the name of parents, for they are monsters in God's creation.

Besides the parents we should also blame the too indulgent systems of philosophy and pedagogy rampant among our so-called schoolmen.

And as for the idea that our forefathers would under any circumstance stand for the conditions as they exist today—why, God bless them! the very thought of it is repellant.

Ellis, Kans.

RAYMOND RYAN, O.M.

The Marquette League and Indian Missions

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The prompt and generous response to our little appeal for poor Father Cataldo, the ninety-year old Jesuit Indian missionary, under the caption of "The Patriarch of Catholic Indian Missions," in the June 11 issue of your valued weekly, has prompted me to tell the many readers of AMERICA, briefly what the Marquette League is—what it has done and is doing for our neglected Indian mission priests and Sisters, in the bleak and arid Northwest and Southwest of our own country, and in desolate Alaska.

Twenty-three years ago this past May after listening to the

pathetic appeals of the late Dr. Henry G. Ganns, a priest of great culture who had just returned from a visit to the missions in the Northwest, a group of zealous Catholic laymen organized themselves for the support of our poor Indian home missions. They appropriately called their new society "Marquette," in honor of the great friend and Jesuit Apostle of the American Indians. The Marquette League is a collecting agency for the Indian missions of our own country and Alaska.

To date it has given over \$600,000 to the work and has built more than eighty chapels throughout the Indian country. The first day schools among the Indians in Arizona were erected by the Marquette League. It helps to support 200 priests, 450 Sisters and 6,000 little Indian children in mission schools. Its fiscal year ending April 30, 1927, marked its most successful period. \$53,000 was sent direct to the missions for the support of priests, Sisters, catechists and children in mission schools.

The first president of the League was Edward A. Eyre, now the managing director of the W. R. Grace Company of London, England. Mr. Eyre is still a loyal and generous member of the League. The League has for its directors leading priests and laymen of the Metropolitan district. Its esteemed President is the able Honorable Alfred J. Talley, former judge of the Court of General Sessions of New York. The other officers are Henry Heide, Charles Weber, Vice-Presidents; Victor F. Ridder, Treasurer; Rev. William Flynn, Secretary General.

The League publishes a well-edited little quarterly, the *Calumet*, which tells of its work and the needs of our missions.

Our greatest need now is new members to meet the ever increasing appeals of our poor missionaries asking for assistance. I can personally testify to the poverty of our missions, to the zeal and hardships of the missionaries, as well as the loyalty of our Indians to the Faith, as I have made two extended visits to the missions of the Northwest and Southwest. Membership (\$2.00 per year) is the backbone of our work. It literally is a condition for the very existence of our mission priests and Sisters. The Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions maintains its offices at 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

New York.

WILLIAM FLYNN,
Secretary, Marquette League.

First American to Be Ordained in India

To the Editor of AMERICA:

During August next, in the city of Patna, British India, an event is to take place which, I think, will interest your readers. It is the ordination to the priesthood of Mr. Francis I. Stoy, S.J., of Chicago, Ill. Mr. Stoy is certainly the first American Jesuit, and, as far as can be learned, the first American, to be ordained in India.

The evidence of American enterprise, of American business methods, and of American schemes for amassing wealth is strikingly noticeable everywhere throughout India. American machines, driven by American oil, are crowding the slow-moving bullock carts off the dusty roads. You pick up a lamp and read the trademark embossed in Hindi letters; you turn it a bit, and there you see, in English characters: "Made in New York, U. S. A." American soap is advertised on the streets; American cigarettes in the papers; American medicines, American photographic supplies, and all other sorts of merchandise "made in America" are exhibited in the European stores and native bazaars to entice the pice, the anna, and the rupee from the scanty pocketbook of the Indian.

Wealthy Americans tour the country and scatter money so profusely that natives get to think that the streets of the great western Republic are paved with gold, and that most Americans are engaged in gathering up the precious metal.

In view of all this it is refreshing and consoling to be able to show the religious-minded Hindu, Buddhist and Mohammedan of this country that America has also something higher and nobler

to offer than the perishable creature comforts of this world. This we can do in the present instance by pointing to the example of a young man who has been willing to have the crowning act of his ambition, his ordination to the holy priesthood, take place in a foreign land and among strangers, and thereafter to spend his life among those strangers, laboring, not for his own personal gain, but for their spiritual and eternal advantage.

The diocese of Patna, where Mr. Stoy is to labor on the completion of his studies, is in the north-easterly part of British India and includes the independent State of Nepal. This diocese was entrusted to the care of the American Jesuits of the Missouri Province in 1921. At present, laboring in the mission, there are twenty-five Jesuits, five secular priests, one community of Christian Brothers, and six communities of nuns. Their task is to convert some twenty-five millions of souls to the truth of the Gospel, a feat that will challenge even the well-known enterprise of the most strenuous of Americans.

That Mr. Stoy's example may induce many American youths to come over and help him in his labors is the earnest wish of his compatriots and fellow-workers in the Patna Mission.

Kurseong, Bt. India.

RAYMOND J. CONWAY, S.J.

Church Libraries

To the Editor of AMERICA:

At morning Mass during the Lenten season I used to notice a certain woman. She was evidently on her way to her daily toil, and this, to judge by her clothing, was possibly the cleaning out of apartments or such like work. Every day her kind, simple face, under the dowdy hat, bent low in reverent prayer, and every day there was tucked securely under her arm a tabloid newspaper, not the most daring or glaring of those sheets but nevertheless a cheap vulgarity. It seemed pathetically incongruous that a woman who talked with God should find any entertainment in its pages.

I thought of the subway filled with little Jewish girls one might see any morning on their hurried trips to work, nearly every one of them armed with a book, good or bad, to while away any leisure moment that might be hers. And it came to me that so rarely do you see any of "our people" with a book in hand. And I wondered why. Aren't we readers? And, if not, aren't we missing a lot?

Then this idea popped into my head. Wouldn't it be a fine thing if we had a library attached to each one of our churches, where big and little folk could go to read or where books could be lent them to take home for a certain period?

Maybe the church basements could be used for such a purpose, or the parish schools. Couldn't they be open, say from seven to ten at night? Some of the young men of the parish, I feel certain, would willingly volunteer to act as librarians.

And the books? Well, generous souls might donate them. Or again a sum might be raised to purchase them. Good books can be bought cheaply. Public libraries are likely to be only too glad to offer assistance in this regard by purchasing books that can be circulated from one Catholic library to another.

One doesn't have to be a dilettante nor moneyed to read and write, or even think—on the side. The company of books, what this would mean to many lonely souls! Church libraries might be places where books could be used as stepping stones to the heights. All kinds of wholesome activities might revolve about these dear spots. They would not need to be "literary" nor "high-brow," just human.

The public libraries are so crowded. Many of our people never go near one. Here is where the church library could help out. It would be right in the parish limits. A visit to the church might mean a visit to the books, or happily vice versa.

A church library might be a spot where youth could find diversion other than jazz and noise.

New York.

ETHEL KING.